

HARD-BOILED HEROES -

A Coast Guard Revelation, by Will Irwin

MAY 26,
1934

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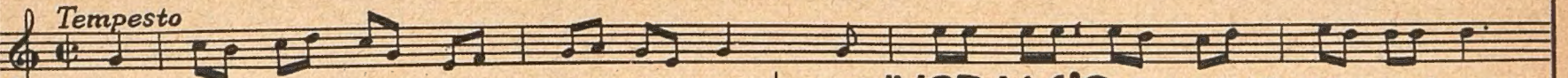
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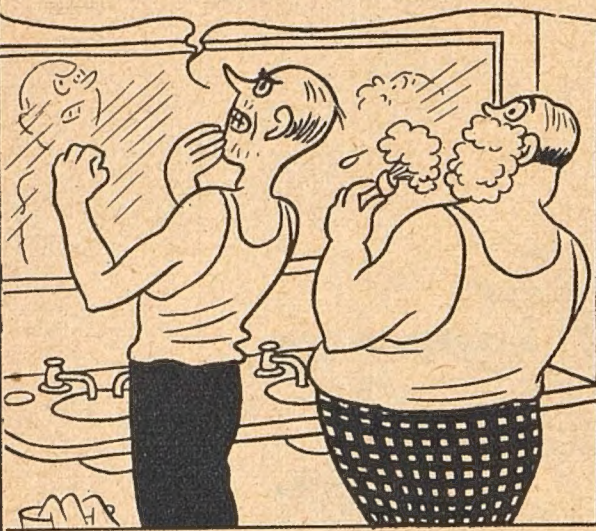
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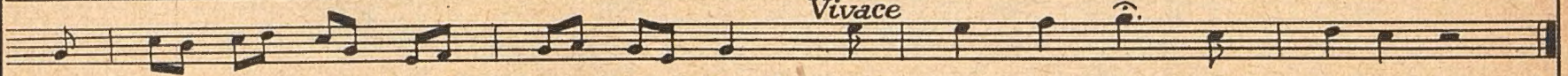
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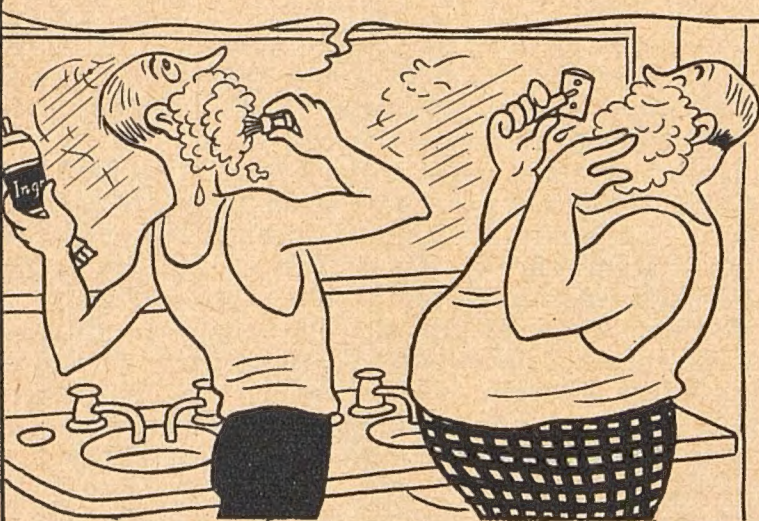
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A UNITED FRONT TO A COMMON ENEMY



WAR is declared. Detain all enemy aliens." This curt wirelesslyed command was flashed by the British Admiralty to an isolated island possession in the Pacific on that fateful August 4, 1914. The youthful naval commandant, following the traditions of the service, lost no time in obeying orders. Two hours later he sped his answer over the ether:

"Have detained two Greeks, four Italians, three Swedes, one German. Who is the enemy?"

Not a bad question for the world to ask itself today. We are doing plenty of shadow boxing with phantom enemies at the moment. Demagogues have arisen everywhere, whipping public frenzy to white heat by their clownish bouts with bogey men of straw. Self-styled patriots are on the rampage, pursuing fancied enemies of church and state. New foes are incessantly created out of the fevered imaginings of business, politics, and society.

So much for the phantom enemies. How about the real ones?

The volume of world trade has fallen two thirds since 1929. Canada and Japan have been the only two countries to prosper in world markets during this period. The dire consequences of this trade stoppage have been incalculable.

Thirty million workers throughout the world have laid down their tools since 1929. Their enforced idleness has been both the cause and effect of the constant wane of world trade. The fact that Canada was able to reduce its number of unemployed on direct relief by more than one third during the past year in no wise mitigates the serious aspects of the world situation.

Economic distress and political unrest are twin brothers. The mental attitudes of thirty million jobless create a political problem of appalling magnitude. Dynasties have toppled like cardboard houses in the frantic search for a new way out by nations driven to desperation and despair. Dictatorships have arisen from the ashes of

burned-out hopes of once prosperous peoples. Hitler is a typical and sinister product of the depression. As a leader he would be inconceivable in a well fed, well clothed Germany of more prosperous times.

Because we have a rational outlook is no criterion that we may expect a similar state of mind from the rest of the world. One hundred million Chinese are never more than a meal from starvation. Asia is a giant with the mind of a child—a giant being prodded into wakefulness by the sharp goad of nationalistic consciousness. Europe is crisscrossed with hatreds and prejudices. She is a seething caldron wherein the fiery temperaments of Slav, Latin, and Teuton are being stirred up in preparation of a war broth. These are no phantom enemies. They are terribly real.

We are in imminent danger of slipping back into medieval barbarism. The liberalism, the democratic ideals which have been so hardly won during the centuries are under the shadow of the dictator. He flourishes only in the soil of economic distress and social unrest.

There is one great hope for humanity. This lies in a closer union between the two English-speaking nations of the world. They alone can present a united front of Anglo-Saxon sanity to the rest of this unreasoning world. They alone can dispel the rising clouds of hate and prejudice which loom so darkly on the international horizon.

Great Britain has always "muddled through" in a dogged sort of fashion. Her saving grace has been the ability to keep intact a sense of humor despite the national hardships constituting her lot in recent years. Uncle Sam has toppled from the pinnacle of prosperity, but made an unusual impression by his fortitude in surmounting overwhelming obstacles last year.

The balance wheel of the world is the English-speaking democracies which girdle the globe. Theirs is the sacred obligation of preserving peace and sanity in a world which apparently knows only strife and blind unreason.

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Beginning—

Hard-Boiled HEROES

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE MANIA OF JOSHUA JAMES

WHEN even the driest among us could see that prohibition was on its way out, the United States Coast Guard, from admiral down to surfman or engine tender, breathed a collective sigh of relief. The dry law had become to most of them a nightmare.

For after enforcement really got going, the public in

general had refused to believe that they were anything but a set of fanatical drys, taking booze out of the mouths of the thirsty.

In cold fact, during these fifteen years the war with the rumrunners has seemed to the Coast Guard itself a minor and rather disagreeable part of their jobs. Unhonored and unsung, they have been performing with efficiency and valor their immemorial duty as sea police for every federal department except the Army and Navy. They have en-

forced treaty regulations at the fishing grounds of the Newfoundland banks and the sealing grounds of the Alaskan islands. They have patrolled the high seas for icebergs and derelicts. They have policed our harbors—"if we should quit for a day, the Port of New York would go out of business," says one of their high command.

**A COAST-GUARD REVELATION—A THRILLING TRUE TALE OF COURAGE AGAINST
THE PERILS OF THE SEA**

by WILL IRWIN

Along our dangerous coasts they have stretched an unbroken line of patrols to warn away vessels in danger of stranding, a chain of life-saving stations to rescue passengers and crews in case warning should prove useless.

Finally, they have kept watch and ward against smugglers. That duty was the undoing of their old popularity when we adopted prohibition.

Perhaps the war it started is not even yet quite finished. If Congress sets the alcohol tariff high enough to make smuggling profitable, rumrunning will go on. But in that case the Coast Guard will figure as the valiant police holding down the crooks that cheat us of our tax money; not as enemies to the thirsty. And now is perhaps the time to recall the old glories of a force which for nearly 150 years has faced daily the possibility of death in action—as a soldier faces it only in time of war.

This, to begin with, is our senior service. The Coast Guard, in its pride, never lets you forget that. It has two branches: the Revenue Cutter Service, which operates on large vessels far out at sea, and the Life Saving Service, which works from the coast. The Revenue Cutter Service was established by our First Congress in 1790, some months before we had an army and a navy. And five years before that, philanthropic citizens of New England, appalled by the annual loss of men and ships on that dangerous coast, had founded the Massachusetts Humane Society. It bore the same relation to a modern official life-saving service that a volunteer fire company bears to a city fire department. At first it provided shelters where the shipwrecked could escape freezing and starvation; then surfboats and apparatus for volunteer crews of Massachusetts Bay fishermen; then regular crews of professionals at dangerous points.

All this time the federal government had been helping out. Just before the Civil War it strung eight Coast-Guard stations of its own along the dangerous approaches to New York. Then, in the early 1870s, Congress established life-saving stations not only on the harpy coast of Massachusetts but on the dangerous approaches to New York and the "graveyard of ships" about pale Cape Hatteras, and along the wooded shores of the Great Lakes where the very sails' rigging freezes in a winter gale.

Finally, in 1915, the Wilson administration combined the two services into the modern Coast Guard. There has been glory enough for the Revenue Cutter Service. But it was that sister service, where men constantly staked their lives on their own skill and seamanship, which in the old days stirred the blood of Americans.

None more than the feats of Joshua James, patron saint of our American life-savers. Have you ever heard of him? Probably not. Yet in the days of the windjammer and the wooden hull every one who lived within smell of the sea regarded him as we moderns regard Lindbergh. Not only was he a hero in his own right; but he, more than any other American, worked out the technique of surfmanship—the art of saving life from those frantic, hungry monsters, the storm-driven breakers.

HE lived at Hull, south of Boston on Massachusetts Bay. And that bay, in the days when the American square-rigger ruled the seas, was a graveyard of ships. From Boston to Provincetown, where the hook of Cape Cod ends, the gently falling sea bottom bristles with rocks, reefs, and sand bars. A double line of shoals guards Cape Cod. It is plagued in winter by subarctic cold. And the famous New England northeasterly gales drive from the pole straight on to this coast. It lacked in those days the complex system of lighthouses, whistling buoys, and bell buoys which guard it today. Charts were imperfect; storm warnings a thing of the far future. The few little lighthouses cast but feeble rays.

The shipping, as we look back on it, seems to have been built to be wrecked. A sailing vessel, finding itself driven toward a dangerous coast, needs room to tack or wear—to maneuver against the wind. Once it strikes, it is helpless; the sails, if set, only make its situation worse. Then, too, there was little ship inspection. Men were sent

to sea in rotten hulls furnished with masts that snapped under the strain of a gale against stranded rigging.

And the coast of Massachusetts Bay constitutes a main highway of the seven seas. Every merchantman bound from Europe to New York, every whaler rolling home from the arctic, must skirt this shore. As into a funnel, the bay gathered the invisible lines of those tramp Yankee windjammers that sailed on three-year cruises from such forgotten ports as Truro and Scituate. During the nineteenth century there were twenty-five hundred wrecks, mostly total losses, on the Cape Cod shoals alone. The lives lost ran into the tens of thousands.

Into such conditions Captain Joshua James was born in 1826. His father, a Dutchman by birth, a seafaring man by training, owned a fleet of schooners which ran paving stone from Hull to Boston. His mother was a Yankee sprung from a line of skippers. The family prospered; it is related that as each of his numerous sons came of age, the elder Skipper James gave him a schooner and set him up in business.

Then came the tragedy which made Joshua James and had much to do with making the United States Life Saving Service. When he was eleven years old, his mother, with his baby sister, went on a visit to Boston. She started home on one of the family schooners. A sudden gale, an uncharted rock, and the vessel went to pieces under the cosmic pounding of a giant sea. Mrs. James and her baby were swept away; even their bodies unrecovered.



WILL IRWIN

has long been famed in authorship and as a contributor to magazines. He was a leading World War correspondent, and several years earlier was the outstanding star reporter in New York, on the old Sun. He is the husband of Inez Haynes Irwin, author.

THE records of Joshua's early years and service are dim and hazy. What we know about his boyhood we owe to Sumner J. Kimball, his only biographer, who gathered the data when many who knew Skipper Joshua were still alive. And it would appear that this tragedy gave him a complex on life-saving—all the more since Mrs. James had been a mother-in-Israel to crews shipwrecked on that coast.

Already the boy was a master of small boats; "he could sail a catboat around a ten-cent piece." Already he had an instinct for the moods of the sea. But in his adolescence he rated as "no particular good." He moped; he spent his spare time walking the beach and gazing out to sea.

Except in winter, when the gales whipped up a giant surf, when at irregular intervals a messenger stumbled through the spume, shouting at the door of cottage after cottage, "Ship ashore!" Then young Joshua turned out to follow the volunteers while they opened the Humane Society boathouse. As they ran out the lifeboat, he gave a hand to drag it to that spot where the vessel was beating to pieces, and raced up and down the shore in a state of unnatural excitement while the crew launched—or failed to launch.

Perhaps he seemed to Hull a trifle touched. But when, in his teens, he got his growth, the volunteers began giving him a place at the oars. And then the true Joshua James emerged. This was the task that he was born to do. Launching a surfboat in an angry sea is a special art; getting the loaded surfboat ashore without capsizing, a still higher one. James had them both to an extraordinary degree. Put him at the steering oar, and he carried his crew of six oarsmen triumphantly through when others had only capsized the boat and rolled ashore half drowned.

He had the instinct of command. Above all, a chance to save life at sea called to him like a lover. And the old-time Yankee blood in him had given him infinite ingenuity and resource. By the time he came of age and commanded his own stone schooner, he served when ashore as captain of the volunteer crew at Point Allerton, Hull.

And when the Humane Society made this a professional crew, he stepped into his real career as its captain.

In the sixty years during which he saved life at sea, the main tools of his trade remained about the same—the surfboat, really only a glorified whaleboat which could not be made self-righting, and the breeches buoy. This last is a complex arrangement of ropes, lines, and pulleys.



Illustration by Harry T. Fisk

Captain James gave the line one mighty yank. The sailor tumbled overboard. James hauled him aboard. In this fashion he rescued them all, one by one.

Its business part is a pair of great padded buoyant breeches, into which the imperiled sailor thrusts his legs, and which is drawn back and forth from ship to shore by a "whip line." The life-savers begin operations with the breeches buoy by shooting aboard a line from a small brass cannon—the Lyle gun. It was Captain James who brought the use of these tools to perfection, learned all the tricks, and passed them on to his trade. It was Captain James who made himself schoolmaster to every young boatsman who entered his service and sent on the pick of them to command other stations. It was Captain James who hammered into the growing young service the principle that no two wrecks are alike, and that the best surfman is he who uses his head in emergencies.

TRADITION in Hull preserves a few stories of his feats in the days when he was learning his trade. Once a schooner went ashore too far out to be reached, in the teeth of a northwest gale, by a shot from the Lyle gun. James managed to get his lifeboat through a twenty-foot surf. The conventional way to approach a stranded vessel is "down its lee." On the side away from the wind there is always an invisible track where the water is quieter. But in this case, two masts of the rotten old craft had snapped. Yards, sails, ratlines, and rigging were churning the sea on that lee side. James got to windward. He found by experiment that he could race his surfboat on the crest of the overwhelming current sweeping along that perilous windward side.

As his boat swept past, he stood up in the stern and shouted his plan to the shipwrecked crew, which was hanging on to a cabin. He brought his boat about. The next time he passed he cast aboard a line at the end of a "heaving stick." (A ball of lead on a bamboo handle, this.) A shipwrecked sailor tied it round his waist. He poised himself to jump into the sea—and hesitated, as the bravest might. Ten seconds more and it would be too late; the life-saving crew, backing water, could not hold the boat against that current. Whereupon Captain James gave the line one mighty yank. The sailor tumbled overboard. James hauled him aboard. In this fashion he rescued them all, one by one, and landed them alive through the winter surf.

Life-saving operations would be easier, Captain James used to say, if it was lumber or beer barrels you were rescuing instead of folks. The life-saver must deal with human nature in abnormal states—numbed with cold, insane with fear, drunken with horror and—sometimes—with rum. Calming a shipwrecked crew, getting reason into muddled heads, courage into quailing hearts—this was one of his powers. When necessary, this quiet pleasant Dutch Yankee came out of himself and became a Mussolini of dramatic leadership.

He knew how to cajole, how to impart his own quiet confidence. And as a last resort with numbed men who needed rousing, on occasion he used primitive insult—asked them whether all Maine men or Englishmen or Frenchmen—as the case happened to be—were cowards,

or whether these were just landlubbers and odd specimens.

Perhaps the most thrilling feats of Joshua James are forever lost to history. But in his later years, when the United States Life Saving Service was keeping the record and Boston reporters could get down to Hull by trolley, the curtain lifts. As on those long remembered nights of November 25 and 26, 1888. Joshua James was then sixty-two years old and commanded not only his own station at Point Allerton, Hull, but a string of subsidiary stations running south as far as North Scituate.

That November northeaster of 1888 was almost as severe as the famous '98 gale from which Massachusetts still dates time. In puffs, its velocity reached eighty miles an hour; it carried thick snow varied with rain and sleet. During those two days and nights the beach patrols, their sou'westers frozen into armor, were constantly running for their lives from the rush of water down new gorges cut through the sand hills.

Joshua James, at his post on Telegraph Hill, anxiously watched a dozen schooners anchored off the coast. If this kept up, their cables would part. And it happened! The three-masted schooner Cox & Green was drifting. He ran to the station, ordered out the crew. But by the time they rolled the breeches-buoy apparatus out of its shed, the schooner had struck, broadside on, near Toddy Rocks. The crew hauled to a position directly offshore. Captain James fired his gun. The line fell true, first shot. In a neat and workmanlike operation which lasted not more than two hours they hauled a crew of nine ashore.

As they hurried the rescued to warm quarters, a puffing exhausted patrol brought news that the Gertrude Abbott, three-masted schooner, was stranded a quarter of a mile up the beach. The hard, ponderous operation of dragging the gun and the lifeboat into position against the blinding gale—and Joshua James saw that the gun was of no use whatever. The Abbott lay too far offshore, out of range. The surf was the highest in the memory of man, and at this point it was churning over submerged rocks.

Quietly he called his men around him. He must try to launch the lifeboat, he said; but he couldn't command men to go with him when the chances were that they wouldn't come back. Of course the crew volunteered unanimously.

It was getting dark by now; they were working in the light of a bonfire on Souther's Hill. With only four men rowing and the others told off to bail, they tried it. Again and again the boat was not only capsized but rolled over. Yet each time the surfmen held to the safety lines and the oars, righted her, bailed her, and kept her miraculously from being cast ashore. And as they emerged from the line of breakers into the tossing open water, Joshua James perceived that again there was "no lee." The Abbott had struck on a rock, making approach from the calmer side impossible.

GUIDED by one lantern burning aboard, he drove his boat into the mill race under her bow. His bowman got a line aboard by the heaving stick. The sailors made it fast. With each successive breaker the lifeboat was falling "until we could see the schooner's keel"; rising until she poised level with the gunwales of the wreck. On each rise Joshua ordered a man to jump, while the spare hands in his crew stood by to catch and steady him. One slip, and the boat would have been swamped. Happily, the sailors—eight of them—all kept their heads.

But he was badly overloaded. Warning his passengers to stick by the boat whatever happened, James steered her out into the boiling sea, turned her stern toward land. The "drogue" or water parachute was not yet a part of standard equipment for surfboats. The crew supplied its lack by backing water. And then, just as it seemed they were going to make it, a wave which held the record even for that storm arose to the heavens and dropped upon them. "Stick to the boat!" yelled Joshua James as the caldron submerged him. They obeyed—clung to thwarts or safety lines or gunwales. That breaker drove the lifeboat, a total wreck, high on to the beach. But though one or two of the surfmen had the wind knocked out of them, rescued and rescuers all held on and landed alive. Skipper James himself came floating in holding on to a loose

oar, shook off the water, commanded the removal of the shipwrecked.

It was nine o'clock now and pitch dark. The lifeboat crew, drenched, went on patrolling. And at three o'clock in the morning it happened again. The Bertha F. Walker, another three-masted schooner, began dragging her anchors and drifted ashore. Skipper James, squinting at her lights, saw that a shot line from the Lyle gun would never reach her. And he had no lifeboat now. The nearest reserve boat was at Strawberry Hill, four miles away. Horses and hardy volunteers dragged it to the beach. It was a new boat on a newfangled pattern. "To launch an unfamiliar boat was as hardy and skillful as anything they did that night," says one commentator. But they did launch it perfectly, came up into the lee of the schooner, took off seven men, made a smart landing. The captain and mate had been swept away before they arrived. A big sea had caught them as they stood on deck hurrying their men up the rigging.

It was now near dawn. Joshua's men stood about a bonfire, drying out, when a messenger arrived. Two more vessels ashore five miles down the coast! Anderson of Crescent Beach was on the spot with his crew and apparatus, and Brown of North Scituate on the way. But they wanted reinforcements. James and his men drove to the scene of action. This was a bad one. The H. C. Higginson lay sunk to her decks between two ledges. The crew was lashed to the rigging, in danger of freezing. Fortunately—as it seemed at first—she lay in range of the Lyle gun. But when Anderson had made a perfect shot and those of the crew not paralyzed by cold had "bent" the breeches-buoy apparatus to a mast, a torrent of wreckage slipped from the schooner's decks and fouled all lines hopelessly.

SHOULD they wait for some one to bring up the apparatus from Point Allerton? That would take time; and meantime those sailors on the crosstrees would probably freeze to death. It was the lifeboat or nothing; and the surf ran higher than ever. Anderson begged the honor of trying first with his own fresher crew. "Thanks—rather do it myself!" said Joshua James cheerfully. "Shall we try it, boys?" he asked of weary men who had launched into that surf twice during the last eighteen hours—who at least once had given themselves up as dead. For answer, they laid hands on the gunwales of Skipper Anderson's surfboat, waited until the shrewd eyes of old Joshua perceived the appropriate instant, and ran her into the eye of the wind.

There followed an hour of desperate struggle. Again and again they launched; for a few perilous seconds bobbed like corks in a boiling caldron, sank under the hundred-ton impact of a great breaker, came rolling and tumbling ashore, got their breath, tried again. The last time, the boat ran into wreckage and came ashore with two holes stove in her bows. While Joshua rested his crew, the other life-savers made jury repairs.

"Last chance," remarked Joshua grimly as he tried again. For he had been watching the schooner in the growing light. The sailors, lashed to the masts, were not moving. Perhaps they were already dead. And that time—he made it. The surfboat bobbed through the line of breakers; rode the open waters. The spectators ashore tried to cheer against the gale.

And when the surfboat, carried by the current, shot past the schooner, a voice yelled down the wind with news. The steward was dead—frozen, with the sea sealing him in a shroud of ice. The rest could still help themselves a little. But it was a hard and special problem. On account of the rocks between which she lay wedged, on account of the wreckage, Joshua's crew could approach her only by the stern.

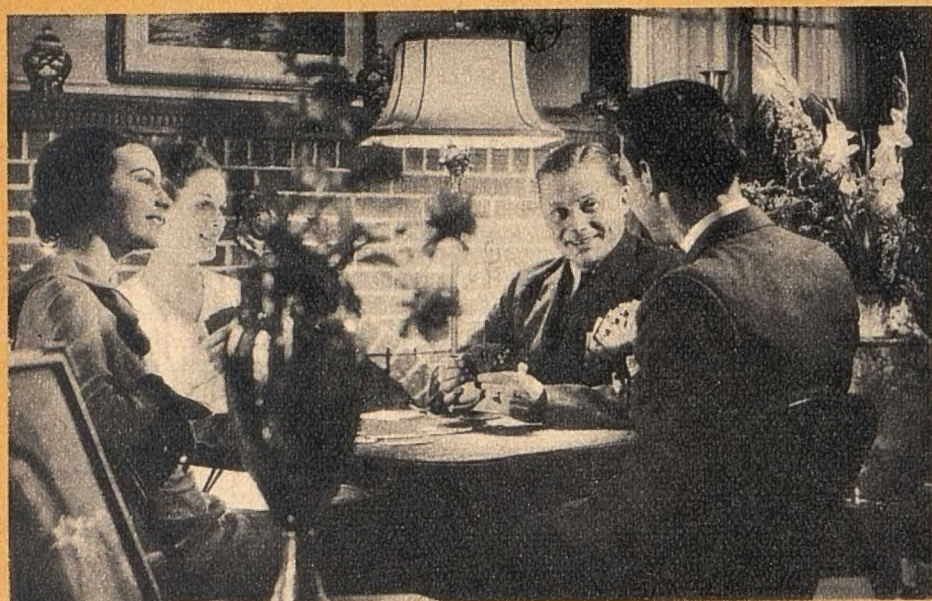
One man was in the torn rigging of the mizzen (or rear) mast. His case was easy. They chucked him a line, encouraged him to jump, hauled him aboard. The rest, clustered on the crosstrees of the tottering foremast, seemed as far away as though the lifeboat had never left the shore. To reach the stern they must climb through a tangle of half-wrecked rigging—for the seas were breaking over her deck. Men in good physical condition would have found

(Continued on page ten)

We asked all our friends about their Refrigerators...



"We thought the best way to find out about refrigerators was to ask our friends who owned different makes. And here's what we found..."



"One friend told us that defrosting his refrigerator was an awful nuisance. So we were glad to learn that the Frigidaire '34 has automatic defrosting! We don't have to bother about turning our Frigidaire on again after defrosting."



"Another said, 'Whatever you do, don't get a refrigerator with ice trays that stick!' Well, that's one more reason why ours is a Frigidaire '34... it has automatic ice tray release; a finger touch slides the trays right out of the freezer!"



"Other friends complained to us that their refrigerators didn't have enough room inside. My Frigidaire '34 has an amazing amount of food space, with extra room for tall bottles—and the shelves are adjustable up or down!"



"And almost all of our friends said that they needed four hands when rearranging things on the shelves to make room for more food. So I was glad to see this 'Frigidaire Servashelf' in my Frigidaire '34—it is certainly a great convenience."

...THAT'S WHY OURS IS A FRIGIDAIRE '34"

"Really, before we bought our Frigidaire '34 we asked all our friends to tell us frankly just what inconveniences they experienced with *their* refrigerators. And then, when we went into the Frigidaire showroom, we found that *all* of these inconveniences had been eliminated by the Super Series Frigidaire '34. In addition, it had many entirely new features that won us completely. For instance, *double* Hydrator capacity to keep

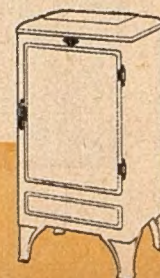
all our vegetables fresh and plump; a 'Sliding Utility Basket' for storing eggs and small articles; the adjustable shelves that move up or down to meet the needs of the day's marketing.

"Well—I guess by now you can easily understand why I say I'm glad *ours* is a Frigidaire '34!"

Visit your nearest Frigidaire dealer's and see for yourself what's happened in electric

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THIS FRIGIDAIRE ACTUALLY USES LESS CURRENT THAN ONE ORDINARY LAMP BULB



Model Standard 434

(Continued from page eight) this difficult; to these poor waifs who had been lashed to their mast for fourteen hours it was impossible.

Then Joshua perceived the useless hawser of that tangled breeches-buoy apparatus which Anderson had shot aboard hours before. It was "bent" to that foremast; and now, disconnected from the shore, it trailed backward toward the tangle of broken rigging about the mainmast—a point from which a man with a rope round his waist could jump into a small patch of sea unharassed by churning wreckage. Commanding, cajoling, reasoning, James persuaded them to try. Though the weakest among them seemed at one moment about to lose his hold and drop into the great seas beyond reach, they all made it. Business of casting lines, signaling the moment to jump—and they were drawn in alive. The steward, past human aid, they left in the rigging, silhouetted against the crosstrees like the Crucified.

But there was another little matter which required attention before Joshua James could land. The other stranded ship whose plight had called him to that beach was the brigantine Alice. Watching her through the glasses as the dawn broke, Anderson and Brown had reported no signs of life aboard. Joshua couldn't take that for an answer; he felt it necessary to go and see. And he was launched now; goodness knew if he could launch again.

So the crew pulled its overloaded boat half a mile through the cross-seas. When they came alongside, no one answered their hails and the boats were gone. The crew of the Alice had evidently abandoned ship before she struck—with what eventual fate history does not say.

And so he landed—another spasm of rolling through the giant surf, this time with the necessity of holding up five men in no condition to help themselves; and another wrecked boat. And finally his crew, tucked in blankets, could travel by farm wagon to warmth, remedies for frostbite, and their first meal in twenty-four hours.

For that day's work they received the gold medal of the United States Life Saving Service. All but Joshua James. His own medal had been reposing in a bureau drawer for some fifteen years.

One more anecdote of Joshua James—this again to illustrate his resourcefulness.

In 1896, when he was just seventy years old, the British schooner Ulrica went aground five hundred yards offshore in a gale, a snowstorm, and a temperature below zero. Inspection from shore proved that the crew was in the rigging, very far gone with exposure. It was almost too far to shoot a line; even at that, he doubted if any one aboard had the strength to haul in the breeches-buoy apparatus and secure it.

JAMES succeeded in launching a boat. It passed the surf; but outside a great sea dropped it upside down. This was one of the closest calls in his long life; but he got ashore; so did his men. Launching was impossible. They must take to the gun. After two failures, by a miraculous shot Skipper James cast a line across the rigging. A sailor, the only man aboard still capable of movement, crawled down to it, painfully hauled the apparatus aboard, and "bent" it to the mast. But in spite of frantic signals from the beach, he did his job ignorantly. It hung low—far too low. The hawser trailed in the water all the way. A man dragged five hundred yards by that route would be drowned when he reached shore.

Joshua studied the situation, formed his plan, hastily drilled his men in their parts. They ran the lifeboat into the surf; there the bowman seized the

hawser and, drawing along it hand over hand as a gymnast climbs a rope, held up the head of the boat while the crew pulled out to the schooner. In the same way they returned—with every man on board.

Seventy years, seventy-two, seventy-three—the townspeople of Hull came to regard this, their most eminent citizen, as an immortal. Ten years before, Washington in a spasm of efficiency had ordered that all keepers of life-saving stations must pass a physical examination. Great indignation in Hull; for though Joshua was a hardy old specimen, he was sixty-two or three and no one could be expected to prove sound in wind and limb at that age.

There was talk of petitioning Congress. Joshua said nothing; just quietly waited for the inspectors. And he passed—perfectly. After that Washington also seemed to accept the theory of Joshua's immortality.

HE passed a pleasant working old age. Foreign societies honored him. Distinguished visitors of a philanthropic bent called on him, remained to drink a glass of grog and listen to his dry Yankee wit. For diversion he played chess. Also he practiced instrumental music. Long before, he had organized his numerous sons and daughters into a family orchestra, which in the off season for shipwrecks he still exhibited at Unitarian church sociables.

And at last life gave him her final reward. He died painlessly and in harness.

Early in 1902—when he was nearly seventy-six years old—the crew at Monomoy, on the "down side" of the Cape, sustained a famous tragedy.

Owing to cowardly panic among a crew which they rescued from a stranded barge, all but one of them were drowned.

Skipper James was as alert to the work of other stations as he was to the moods of the sea. When one of them made a mistake, he used to drill his men to profit by the experience. So on March 19, 1902, he launched into a sizable surf and for an hour schooled his surfmen in devices—including possibly the good old uppercut to the jaw—for dealing with rebellious passengers. The lesson finished, they landed smartly through the surf, drew the boat up on the beach. Skipper James stood looking out to sea.

"The tide is ebbing," he remarked.

And on those words he sank down on the sand, crumpled up, and died from sudden failure of his brave old heart.

Joshua James was of such fine heroic mold that it would be easy to exaggerate his influence in making the United States Life Saving Service and the Coast Guard what it is today. Overrating his services would be unfair to the men who did the quiet work at Washington or to other great surfmen such as Pat Etheridge of Cape Hatteras. But at very least, he more than any other man gave it the fine soldierly and humane tradition which has marked its history. And as for the results which he and his fellows achieved—his biographer, Sumner Kimball, working on records no longer in existence, estimated that between 1871 and 1909 the Service dealt with "one hundred thousand lives imperiled by shipwreck," of which less than one per cent were lost. "And a considerable proportion of even this small percentage,"

he adds, "is made up of those whom no human agency could have saved."

An even more thrilling true tale of Skipper Bailey T. Barco and "the old B.B."—meaning that breeches buoy which has figured in so many rescues—will be told by Mr. Irwin, continuing his coast-guard revelation, in *Liberty* next week.



Announcing
A NEW
McLAUGHLIN-BUICK
STRAIGHT EIGHT

at a
NEW RECORD LOW PRICE

*A McLaughlin-Buick
Through and Through*

Valve-in-Head Straight 8 Engine . . . Knee-Action Wheels . . . Torque-Tube Drive

More Miles per Gallon . . . No-Draft Ventilation . . . Body by Fisher

See It

THERE IS A DEALER NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



PRODUCED IN CANADA

The Family Crust

READING TIME
27 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

THERE are fallible devices that we take for granted. We risk our happiness, our lives, and our respectability upon the likelihood of their functioning according to plan. The postal service, for instance. Stock tickers, shoulder straps, refrigerators, policemen, and dry Martinis.

Foot brakes. Which brings us to the point.

Henry Lighton, who was twenty-seven and had a great deal to live for, wasn't thinking about his foot brakes at all. He was thinking of Marjorie Mayne and the implications (if any) of her having asked him to her father's country place for the week-end. He was reminding himself that she had told him frankly that she found life in farther Connecticut almost unbearably dull and always tried to have somebody up for the week-ends. He was insisting on the sensible view that he was nothing to her but a counter-irritant against complete monotony.

At this point he noticed the needle of his gasoline gauge, which was pointing at empty. A hundred yards ahead, on his side of the highway, he saw a blazing-white Neo-Moorish edifice with a squad of red gasoline pumps standing at attention before it. He raised his foot from the accelerator and swung the car into the concrete runway that curved between the double lines of pumps.

He pressed down hard on the brake pedal.

Nothing happened.

He yanked the wheel sharply to avoid the amazed man in blue denim, and tried to negotiate the exit end of the runway. He missed it by a few miles per hour. The car smashed into a heavy wire fence with

The Lively Story of a Motor Goliath and a Masquerade for Love

a jolt and stopped there.

When the tumult and the shouting had died and the miraculously materialized bystanders had departed, they got the car into the garage and investigated. A small rod, rather important because it connected the brake pedal with the brakes themselves, had cracked neatly across the middle.

Henry Lighton made a sound of annoyance with his lips. "How long to fix it?"

The garageman rubbed his stubby chin. "Fix it?"

Got to get a new part." He spoke to the greasy-faced mechanic, who was poking about under the hood. "Charlie, is Jenkins open Sat'd'y afternoon?"

"Nope."

"So there you got it, mister," the garageman said.



Henry Lighton saw by his wrist watch that it was already after half past two. "Well, but look here. It's important. I've got to have the car."

"Glad to do anything I can for you, mister, but that's the fix I'm in." He addressed his employee again: "Them people down Drewville, Charlie—they shut Sat'd'y too?"

"Tight's a drum."

The garageman wiped his hands on a piece of waste. "Let you have it Monday morning first thing."

"But—hell," Henry said. "I've got to have a car for this week-end. Look here. You must have a car you can rent me. You've got mine for security, and my insurance covers—" He stopped hopelessly, watching the garageman's head wag from side to side.

"Sorry, mister. Ain't a car here we can spare." He turned to the workman, who was snapping down the side of the hood. "'Less he wants to buy the Cozzetti—eh, Charlie?" he smirked.

Charlie stuck out his underlip. "Why not? Never have another chance to get so much automobile per dollar. Man, that is a car!"

"Try and sell it," the garageman grunted.

"Motor's made like a watch," Charlie said, picking up

the waste his employer had dropped. "Man, would I like to own that crate!"

"What's all this?" Henry intruded.

The garageman spat. "Piece of business Charlie done for me. Last winter when I laid up with the flu. Fellow give 'im a bad check. English fellow. One of these lords. Give Charlie a bad check for—I forget—four hundred and something—"

"Four hundred and fifty-six seventy-five," Charlie said.

"I was mighty sick just then, and Charlie didn't know what to do. Come to find out, this English fellow was leaving the country. Charlie tells him he's going to get him pinched, and the fellow says he's flat broke. So Charlie takes the car and calls it square."

"A Cozzetti?" Henry said. "What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing. Too big. Hog for gas. These times, people want little jobs that do twenty miles to the teaspoonful."

"Where is it?"

"Back there in the corner. Come and look."

Even in the dim light the huge car gleamed voluptuously. From the shining nickel radiator screen the pale gray hood flowed back in long smooth lines an incredible distance to the windshield. Behind the open chauffeur's seat a long low closed body nestled snugly between the sweeping rear fenders.

"Body by See-Cheek, Paris," the garageman said. "Convertible. Double ignition, down-draft carburetors—Fifteen thousand miles. Machine like that's just broke in at—"

"YOU wouldn't have any trouble selling that roadster of mine," Henry Lighton said, yielding at last to his insanity. "They offered me six hundred on a trade-in two months ago. It's worth easily five hundred cash. You're stuck with this car. You'd like to get your money back. If I trade you mine—"

It's a bad thing for a young man to carry half a month's salary in currency in his pocket. It opens up temptations.

Henry Lighton closed the deal by offering his roadster and one hundred dollars for the Cozzetti. He felt a little as you do when the dentist's gas is wearing off.

"Guess you'll want the top down, driving her yourself?" the garageman said.

"Yes. How about tools, by the way?"

"All there, under the front seat."

Henry raised the seat and lifted the cover of the locker. The tools were there. Beside them, at one end, there was a chauffeur's cap of smart gray whipcord. Under it, neatly folded, lay a chauffeur's topcoat to match.

Henry took the cap out and put it on his head. It was a little big, tended to slide down and rest on the tops of his ears, but—Grinning, he put it back in the locker and replaced the seat.

"You needn't bother to put the top down," he said.

"No? Suits me."

The motor started without a sputter.

"By the way," Henry said, when the business was concluded and he was sitting at the heavy wheel, "do you know of a theatrical-costume place anywhere near here?" He cleared his throat. "Got a costume dance tonight."

"I got an idea there's one in Drewville," the garageman said. "My boy was into a high-school show, and seems to me he went to a place there." . . .

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. HENRY

When Marjorie came in, it seemed to her that Henry's manner with her father was patronizing.



by EDWARD HOPE



● They paused on a path to look at the pool in the moonlight. That did it.

The long gray car crunched to a halt on the gravel before the broad steps of Shadowlawn. The motor purred like half a dozen contented tigers, then fell suddenly silent as the ignition was shut off. The chauffeur slid from his seat and pushed the door shut with an aristocratic *chunk*.

An almost too perfect butler opened the door, after a dignified interval, and stood, looking neither cordial nor hostile.

The chauffeur's bushy eyebrows went up a little. "His Miss M'yne hat 'ome?" he inquired.

The butler's look became definitely on the unfriendly side.

"If you have a message for Miss Mayne, you may give it to me."

"Ho!" the chauffeur said with irony. "Haw! Has hit 'appings, the mahster's horders wuz: 'Give me messidge to Miss M'yne, *her*, not to nobuddy.' Jest yew 'op alorng hand tell 'er Mr. Lighton's shewfah 'as a word fer 'er."

"Mr. Lighton's?" said the butler, whose eye had wandered to the car and back. "Wait here, please." The door closed.

The chauffeur tilted his cap at a jaunty angle and began an inexpert but spirited soft-shoe dance. At a sound from the hall he stopped abruptly, hastily rearranged the cap, and placed his heels together. He waited.

The door opened. A pink-and-green-flowered dress oozed into the aperture, filled it to overflowing. Below the dress there were plump white-stockinged ankles and white canvas shoes. Above, a well upholstered, white-powdered neck led naturally to three prettily draped chins and thence to a pink face made of convex curves grouped about two vague blue eyes that blinked. To crown the extravagant display, there was a great deal of gray hair perfectly arranged.

"You are Mr. Lighton's chauffeur?" the lady inquired in a voice that was as perfectly unnatural as the coiffure it came from under.

"Yus, mum."

"Grayson says you have a message for Miss Mayne. She is not at home at the moment. I am Mrs. Mayne. You may give me your message."

The chauffeur seemed to have a little difficulty with his swallowing. "Hi see," he said. "Mr. Lighton hinstucted me to s'y to Miss M'yne 'e was hunhavoidably detyned. 'E'll come halorng by tryne has soon has possybil. Hi've brort 'is luggitch."

"But why didn't he have you wait for him?"

THE chauffeur's esophagus gave him more trouble. "Y'see, mum, e's promised me the week-hend horf. Didn't want to myke me lyte for me wife 'n' kids. So 'e says to me, 'Meadows, you 'op halorng wiv the luggitch,' 'e says—"

"Oh. Very thoughtful of him." Mrs. Mayne bulged forward and stood looking at the car. "Is that Mr. Lighton's car?"

"Ho, yes, mum." He fidgeted, then moved toward the gleaming Cozzetti, speaking over his shoulder: "Hi'll just tyke the luggitch hout, mum."

Mrs. Mayne followed him, sweeping her gaze over the long gray body. "Beautiful motor," she said.

"Ho, hit's not 'arf bad," the chauffeur said, leaning into the hooded back and tugging out a valise.

The open door had swung toward Mrs. Mayne. "Oh!" she breathed suddenly. "Is that Mr. Lighton's crest?"

"Ho," the chauffeur said, staring at it.

"Ho, yus. The Lighton family crest. Yus, mum. Hif Hi can park 'er hon the circle, mum, Hi'll be getting halorng to me bus."

"Yes. Just there on the wide part."

A big black sedan came up the drive and drew up behind the Cozzetti.

"Ah. Here's Mr. Mayne."

Before he got back at his wheel to park the car, the chauffeur touched his cap respectfully toward the chunky middle-aged man who got out of the sedan. . . .

Henry Lighton himself arrived in a taxicab about an hour later.

"Dear Mr. Lighton," Mrs. Mayne said, clinging to his hand and smelling of powder, "I'm so glad you got here all right. Your chauffeur explained that you'd been delayed and the train service is so wretched. I hope you weren't too uncomfortable."

"Oh, no. Not bad at all. Is Marjorie—"

"Oh. That's such bad luck, too. You see, Marjorie's playing in a little tennis tournament at the country club. She telephoned to say she'd be late. May not get home till nearly dinner time."

"Oh. Well, I might drive over—"

"Oh, no! You mustn't think of it. I'm sure you'll



"You are Mr. Lighton's chauffeur?" the lady inquired.

want to get washed up and changed. Though we don't dress for dinner in the country. Still—"

"But, really, why don't I just run over to the club—"

"No, *no!* I won't *hear* of it. Your things are in your room." She turned and pressed a bell button on the wall. "I'll just have you shown up."

When Henry came down again half an hour later, he found Marjorie's father alone in the huge oak-paneled living room. Harvey J. Mayne sat deep in a chintz-covered easy-chair, a briefcase open on a small table at his side and a sheaf of typewritten sheets in his lap. A gold pencil in his right hand hovered over one of the pages.

Henry coughed.

"Oh." Harvey J. Mayne looked up. "Hello. You're Mr. Lighton, aren't you? Glad to see you. Forgive me for not getting up. Don't want to mix up these papers. Business matters I've got to go over before Monday. Don't suppose you realize the demands a business makes on a man, even if he's the head of it. Suppose an idle-rich young man like you—"

"Idle-rich?" Henry gaped. "I'm not idle, by a long shot."

Harvey J. Mayne took off his spectacles and blinked.

"Hm. What do you do?"

"Advertising."

"Really? On your own?"

"Oh, no. With an agency. Ringway & Parrish. I'm an executive."

He omitted to mention that he was the youngest and least important on the staff. Time and opportunity would change that. And if Mr. Mayne happened to draw false conclusions from the mere presence of the Cozzetti—

MR. MAYNE folded his spectacles. "Advertising, eh? Must be interesting work. Important. Influencing public opinion. Costs like the devil, of course, but—"

Henry decided to live up to his car. "Oh, no," he disagreed boldly. "Advertising that's worth doing pays for itself. You wouldn't think a good sales manager expensive."

"Hm. Heh. But you can check the results a good sales manager gets."

"You can check the results good advertising gets, too. If you can't, it's not good advertising."

Mr. Mayne shook the sheaf of typewritten pages into an orderly stack and put them on top of the briefcase. He produced a cigar case, offered it to Henry, then helped himself from it. Busy snipping the tip from a cigar, he said casually, "Ever notice our advertising, Mr. Lighton?"

Considering that the Mayne Corporation spent more than a million dollars a year to advertise its locks, it was a slightly foolish question.

"Naturally, Mr. Mayne."

Marjorie's father paused with a match ready to strike. He leaned toward Henry, fixing him a little terrifyingly with his piercing gray eyes.

"What do you think of it?"

"Oh. Oh—you mean what I think of it?"

"Yes. You say you've noticed it. How does it strike you?"

Henry could feel the horns of the dilemma piercing the seat of his white flannel trousers. "Well, it's hardly fair to express an opinion of an advertising campaign without knowing the circumstances behind it. I mean the problems the advertiser has to meet—"

"The public doesn't know the problems the advertiser has to meet."

"No. No, of course not." (Men are as prejudiced and touchy about their advertising as they are about their doctors and their razors. Harvey J. Mayne's eyes seemed to glow with an internal fire.) Henry Lighton took a deep breath and released it slowly. "Well—"

"Well!"

Henry plunged:

"It's a personal opinion, of course, Mr. Mayne—"

"I never heard of an impersonal opinion. Go on."

"Well, I don't think your advertising's very good." (Lord! Suppose he's one of the cranks who write their own copy!)

"No?"

It struck Henry that he might be able to catch Marjorie at the country club on his way back to New York and explain why he wouldn't be finishing out the week-end. Anyway, it was done now. He pushed on into the valley of death:

"It's what advertising people call institutional. Supposed to build up an impression that the Mayne mark on a lock means it must be good. Just because it's Mayne. Probably does that. But—well, take the one that's been in the magazines lately, the one about the siege of Vienna by the Turks. That illustration was beautiful. And the hand-lettered head, and the whole layout. Really beautiful." He felt the perspiration cool on his forehead.

"Beautiful. Yes. But—" H. J. Mayne was crouched forward in his chair, as if for a spring.

Henry cleared his throat. "But consider what that advertisement said in effect: 'When the Turks besieged Vienna, the fate of Europe depended on keeping them out. The defense was wonderful and the invaders were turned back.' So

(Continued on page eighteen)



Let the Canadian



TO EUROPE via THE SHORT ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY. See Europe this year—you can make an interesting trip in three weeks and at very moderate cost. Sail by Empress, Duchess or "Mont" ship from Montreal or Quebec. Low Round Trip Fares. **ALL-EXPENSE TOURS**—conducted or independent.



BANFF. Social capital and resort extraordinary of the Canadian Rockies. Mile-high golf, tennis, swimming, riding, motoring, alpine climbing. Banff Springs Hotel is unequalled among the World's mountain hostleries. All-Expense Tours to Banff, Lake Louise, and Emerald Lake, with 126 miles of motoring for four, five or six days, are ideal for short holidays and small purses.



LAKE LOUISE, one of the perfect gems of scenery in the known world. Nestling in a mountain amphitheatre of breath-taking grandeur. On the margin of this beautiful lake is the great Chateau Lake Louise facing Victoria Glacier. Guides for trail riding and Alpine climbing; swimming pool, hiking and tennis. Rates at hotels in the Rockies this year lowest ever.



LAKE O'HARA, one of the Chalet-Bungalow Camps maintained by Canadian Pacific in the heart of Canada's Rocky Mountain paradise. Ideal centre for trail hiking or riding amid the majestic natural beauty of snow-capped peaks, sparkling glaciers, mirror-lakes. Other delightful camps at Yoho Valley, Lake Wapta, Moraine Lake and Radium Hot Springs. **Moderate Rates.**



THE PACIFIC COAST—a beautiful vacation land, Vancouver and the West Coast or Vancouver Island. Low round trip rates this year make such a trip reasonable in the extreme. A real zest is added to golf, bathing, yachting, riding or motoring in Canada's Evergreen Playground. Varied island tours available. Fast ocean liners to Honolulu, Orient, New Zealand and Australia.



ALASKA. Glaciers sparkling in the sun—totem poles—villages on stilts—endless variety, endless thrills on a cruise to the Land of the Sunny Night. A palatial Canadian Pacific liner up and down through 2000 miles of protected waters—at Skagway you entrain for the Klondyke—the Yukon—the Gold Rush Country. Weekly Sailings from Vancouver. Round-trip \$80 up.



Travel by Train
Speed - Safety - Comfort

THE MOST IMPORTANT DOLLARS YOU SPEND

They can mean renewed health, fresh interest in home or work, smiles to replace frowns, if they are spent to bring you all they can of play, rest and pleasure.

HEALTH, of course, should come first! Where do you always feel the best? At the seashore, in the mountains or in the bright sunshine at some inland lake of moderate elevation? Perhaps a sea voyage, with a few days in Paris or London, will dispel the boredom of familiar scenes and faces and give you a fresh interest in life.

PLEASURE—you have simply to name your pet hobby, sport or diversion to have a hundred suggestions placed before you for consideration. Like Golf? You can have it a mile above sea-level at Banff—or enjoy it within sight and sound of the breakers at Victoria or St. Andrews-by-the-Sea. Want to fish? Canadian Pacific fish and game scouts

CANADIAN

Pacific Plan Your Vacation



THE GREAT LAKES provide a glorious two-day interlude that breaks your journey east or west across the continent. Cool breezes. Magnificent vistas of lake and river. A complete restful holiday in itself at no extra cost for transportation. Going or coming plan to take the Great Lakes cruise.



NIPIGON—DEVIL'S GAP—FRENCH RIVER—Chalet-Bungalow Camps—deep in the heart of the wilderness—each celebrated for its fishing waters, fighting black-bass, "muskie", pike, pickerel; "Coasters or square-tailed brook trout" at Nipigon. Canoeing, swimming, golfing, dancing. Cabin bungalows with community houses. **Moderate Rates.**



ONTARIO'S VACATION PARADISE. Your favourite sport can be indulged in no matter what it is. Fish? Swim? Canoe? Camp? Sail? Golf? Tennis? You name it—and any Canadian Pacific agent can tell you where to enjoy it the most and give you details of cost, rail times, fares and full information.



CHATEAU FRONTENAC HOTEL, Quebec—like some old-world castle atop the cliffs, it overlooks the St. Lawrence River. Headquarters for tours to the lower St. Lawrence Valley—centre of vacation land rich in romantic history with excellent opportunities for sport. Quebec City itself is worth a week's exploration—good golf is available at several courses.



ST. ANDREWS-BY-THE-SEA for seaside golf. A championship "18". A practice "9". Delightful sandy beach at Katie's Cove. Riding, fishing, bowling, yachting and tennis also attract their advocates. **THE ALGONQUIN Hotel** is renowned as a thoroughly charming seaside resort.



THE PINES, Digby, Nova Scotia, calls the vacationist with a different voice—that of rustic simplicity, rugged seashore and old-world atmosphere. Visit **CORNWALLIS INN**, Kentville, and Evangeline land, historic ruins, trout and salmon fishing waters. Include **LAKE SIDE INN**, Yarmouth, an attractive new chalet-hotel, and quaint seaside towns, in your tour.

EACH YEAR ARE YOUR HOLIDAY DOLLARS!

can lead you to the sportiest trout, salmon, "Muskie", bass or deep sea fishing waters on the continent. If it's rest you need there are scores of quiet inns and bungalow camps where you may rest far from noise and bustle of city life in the midst of unspoiled natural beauty. Mountain scenery? The majestic Rockies in the West and green Laurentians in the East. Sea resorts? Many to choose from on the Pacific or Atlantic Coast. Canadian Pacific's years of experience in planning; its widespread organization of rail, steamship, hotel and camp facilities can help you to plan the most perfect vacation of your life. Total up your holiday budget—decide *what* you'd like to do and consult Canadian Pacific for help as to *how* and *where* to do it. *A good start in the right direction is to clip the coupon and send it to your nearest Canadian Pacific agent, who will be glad to serve you.* ➡

PACIFIC

**WORLD'S
GREATEST
TRAVEL
SYSTEM**

Please send me complete information about the holiday checked below:—

- | | |
|--|---|
| ☐ Alaska | ☐ Fall Hunting |
| ☐ Pacific Coast | ☐ Ontario Resorts |
| ☐ Banff-Lake Louise | ☐ Quebec Resorts |
| ☐ Bungalow Camps | ☐ Chateau Frontenac |
| ☐ All-Expense Tours | ☐ Maritime Resorts |
| ☐ Great Lakes | ☐ British Isles—Europe |
| ☐ Fishing | ☐ Honolulu—Orient |

Name.....

Address.....

(Continued from page fifteen) what? It's beautifully written, beautifully illustrated—all that. Only it has nothing to do with Mayne locks. The fellow who wrote it felt that himself. He put a string of stars across the page and then got around to his subject. Hoping people would jump over the stars. Then he said, 'Defend your home against invaders with the best locks you can get. Which are Mayne locks.' And that's all."

"M-m-m-m?" growled H. J. Mayne, still crouching.

"Well—it doesn't tell you anything about Mayne locks. It doesn't say why they're the best or what advantages they've got over other locks. It—it doesn't convince me."

My, it's warm for this time of year!"

Henry Lighton smiled miserably and fumbled for a cigarette. His host cleared his throat.

"It doesn't convince me either," he said.

Henry Lighton's muscles relaxed like melting butter.

"You've put my ideas very neatly into very few words," his host said. "I can understand why you're a successful young man. Would you mind pushing that button on the wall beside your chair there? Thanks. Well, now, since you've got ideas about what's wrong with our present advertising, Mr. Lighton, you must have other ideas about what our advertising should be."

Henry crossed his legs casually. "No, that'd be foolish. Before you can plan advertising you've got to know about markets and merchandising methods and—all that."

"Yes. But in general—Ah, Gustave. Please bring us a couple of cold bottles of that German beer. . . . In general, Mr. Lighton?"

When Marjorie came in a few minutes later, it seemed to her that Henry's manner with her father was a little patronizing; but her father seemed to be liking it. Henry dropped the lecture and sprang to his feet.

"H'lo, pop," Marjorie said. "Henry, I'm sorry I wasn't here to meet you, but the damned committee insisted on having the quarter finals this afternoon."

"Oh, I've been very interested with your father," Henry said.

He managed to follow her into the hall when she went out. He maneuvered her urgently through the front door and down the gravel path.

"Listen," he said, when they were safely away from the house. "I've got myself into the most beautiful goulash with your parents. I'm up to my eyes in the phoniest position you ever heard of. Listen."

"Oh-h-h!" Marjorie said, seeing the gray splendor of the Cozzetti. "Who's arrived? Whose is that?"

"Listen, Marjorie. That's the beginning of the story. You see—"

HE told her about the broken brake gadget, the trade for the Cozzetti, the chauffeur's uniform.

"It was just to make you laugh," he said. "I was going to kid you for a minute and then grab off the mustache and the putty nose, and— But your mother'd never seen me before, and I didn't know what she'd say if I broke down and confessed this fool joke. And, the first thing I knew, I was in it too deep to get out. Then I went crazy and lied about the crest. And then your father drove up and saw me, and I suppose she gave him a load of it, and now— Oh, stop laughing, Marjorie. Please. It's terrible. What am I going to do? Please!"

"You can't do anything." Marjorie's mirth bubbled through her words. "Oh, it's lovely! Mother's a dear, you know, but she's the world's worst snob. It's time she had a lesson. Do her a world of good."

"But—I don't want to get blacklisted by your parents. Your father's full of it, too. Keeps saying I'm a remarkably successful young man and all that. Gosh!"

"Oh, father's all right. Marvelous sense of humor. And mother'll just have to take her punishment."

"Couldn't you get her aside and expl—"

Mrs. Mayne's voice came from the front door: "Marjorie dear, you must hurry and change. Dinner's in half an hour."

The moon was still high in the sky when the country-club dance was over and Marjorie and Henry started home in the Cozzetti, as extravagantly impressive as ever with its nine-man top folded back and buckled under the canvas cover. The air had that quality which we expect of late May and rarely get: a quality that is a combination of stillness that scarcely ruffles the new leaves and a smell, so vague as to be hardly a smell at all, of fresh things growing, and the sound of small creatures stirring in wooded places, and a certain dampish warmth that no air-conditioning machinery can ever hope to duplicate. It was a night among nights.

It is really remarkable, then, that there was no hint of romance in the conversation or behavior of Henry and Marjorie during the whole eight-mile drive back to Shadowlawn. They put the car in the garage and walked across the grass toward the house with its black cloud of trees about it. They paused on a path lined with rose-bushes to look at the swimming pool in the moonlight. That did it.

Without warning, without the conscious volition of either of them, they were suddenly standing, pressed warm against each other, kissing with a mutual enthusiasm and passion completely unprecedented in both of their lives to date. The first kiss was separated from the second by a few quick intakes of breath. After the second Marjorie gasped "Henry!" not very convincingly, before the third began.

PRESENTLY she held him away, her palms pressed against his chest.

"Golly!" he breathed, staring at her.

"Golly is right," she said, having the same difficulty with her respiration.

"Marjorie darling!" he said, but she kept him off.

"Fun's fun," she said, more composed. "Let's have a cigarette and go in. Evidently we can't be trusted out here."

"But, Marjorie—dearest—it's not just fun. I mean, as far as I'm concerned. I mean—"

"Here. Gimme." She snatched the package from his hands, extracted two cigarettes, and pushed one between his lips. When they had their lights, she started on steadfastly toward the house.

He held her elbow, talking down at her glistening hair: "If all the hokum about the big car and the rich young man with a family crest were only real—if I really had anything to offer you—"

"But love, baby," she hummed, tossing a look up at him.

"But it's real love, Marjorie darling. If I were only in a position to—to—to—"

She eluded the arm he started to put around her. "No fair grabbing!"

When they had gone ten steps farther, he said, as if to himself: "You know, it isn't so improbable. Not impossible, anyhow. There's lots of money in advertising. If I could get one big account I'd have plenty of money to—to—to—"

"Such a serious young man!"

At the head of the stairs she said "Good night" abruptly, and walked down a hall in the direction opposite from his. . . .

Harvey J. Mayne glanced up from the newspaper that was propped against the water pitcher and grunted a greeting through a mouthful of scrambled eggs and sausages.

"Good morning, sir."

The older man swallowed. "Just ring that bell there, Mr. Lighton, and they'll bring you some breakfast."

"Thank you, sir."

H. J. Mayne drank coffee in enormous gulps, rearranged his newspaper, and seemed to believe himself alone again. Henry took the main section of the other newspaper and balanced it against the fruit bowl. He tried to interest himself in the story of a jewel robbery.

Ten minutes of silence, broken only by a crackling of newspapers being refolded and the suppressed sounds of nourishment being taken, (Continued on page twenty)



EDWARD HOPE who, after his graduation from Princeton, worked for an advertising agency, then conducted a column for a New York newspaper, and for the past three or four years has devoted his entire time to writing. Among his books are *Alice in the Delighted States* and *Manhattan Cocktail*.

"WHY DID YOU BUY GOODYEARS?"

ASKS OUR ENQUIRING REPORTER



LAST YEAR—

on 44 important occasions throughout Canada—at events which brought large numbers of automobiles of all makes together—investigators obtained *proof* that *more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.*

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No wonder Goodyears on the road far outnumber any other make!

GOODYEAR

**MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR
TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND**

(Continued from page eighteen) were all he could endure. He patted his mouth with a napkin. He took up the newspaper and held it high above the table at arm's length, exhibiting a full-page advertisement of a shaving cream.

"Here's one of our jobs, Mr. Mayne," he said. "That's a campaign that has been highly successful, and it's been carefully checked for results—"

Harvey J. Mayne swept his eyes up from his own paper and down again.

"M-m-m," he said. He tossed off what was left of his coffee and swept a napkin across his mouth. He took up his newspaper and pushed back his chair. Standing, he said: "Of course I don't concern myself with advertising directly. Enough to do without messing into that. Got a good department that knows what it's about. You'll excuse me, won't you?"

And he marched out of the room.

It was at that point that Henry Lighton began to suffer mental anguish that was hardly bearable at the outset and grew worse as the day dragged on.

Marjorie slept mercifully late, and he got through the morning by taking a long aimless walk about the grounds of Shadowlawn.

After luncheon he drove Marjorie and her mother to the country club and sat with Mrs. Mayne while Marjorie and a rat-faced youth lost a dull tennis match in the semifinal of the mixed doubles. It got him through to dinner without seeing Marjorie alone. . . .

With the salad he made up his mind. He'd get the hell out of this. He knew a half-wit when he saw one. When he was one. Just because Mr. Mayne had been patient enough to let him talk about his business, he had pictured himself going back to the office with the Mayne account signed up, compromising with the firm for six times his present salary, and then asking Marjorie—Right after dinner he'd suggest that he'd have to start driving back to town tonight. . . .

A bell rang in the pantry. Mr. Mayne looked at his watch and grunted.

"That's either Mr. Kenyon or Mr. Graves, Gustave," he said to the butler. "Put him in the library. See that he has cigars and fix a tray with decanters." Gustave bowed and left the room. Mr. Mayne spoke to his wife: "I'm sorry to have to bring business in on the week-end," he said, "but these things come up. Kenyon and Graves and I have got to decide some matters of policy before a conference that starts at ten tomorrow morning. You'll come and speak to them for a minute, won't you?" he asked her. "Just say you're glad to see them."

There was a door to the garden in the hall just outside the dining room. As Henry and Marjorie followed her parents away from the table, she suddenly pulled it open and caught his arm.

"Come on," she said. "Strategic retreat."

So they were alone in the garden once more. They walked away from the house in silence.

"What I'd like to know," Marjorie said suddenly, as

they arrived at a bridge over a tiny brook, "is what is gnawing at your vitals."

"Why—nothing."

"No? Well, then, why are you acting as if the governor had just refused to commute your sentence to life imprisonment?"

"Am I? I'm sorry."

They crossed the bridge and walked down a path.

"Look here," Henry said. "You don't mind, do you, if I drive back to town tonight? It's so much better to wake up in the city on Monday morning. I thought I might start pretty soon—"

"Maybe we'd better walk back, then."

"You must think I'm an awful ass," he said as they approached the house, now a black mass picked out by yellow rectangles of light. "All my big talk about getting rich! Why, I'm practically the lowest form of life in Ringway & Parrish's."

"You *are* an awful ass," she said.

She kissed him so suddenly that he was dizzy for a moment—so thoroughly that he felt his knees trembling. She showed no intention of concluding the kiss. She was still in his arms when the door of the sun room opened and her father's voice said:

"Is that you, Marjorie? Is Mr. Lighton with you?"

In the darkness they sprang apart.

"Yes, father," she said without a quaver. "We were just coming in."

"Good. I want to talk to Mr. Lighton."

Henry doesn't remember to this day how he managed to scrub the rouge off his lips and walk through the house to the library. He did. Harvey J. Mayne had seated himself at the desk. Henry stood before him like a schoolboy before the head master. His mind was too muddled for much speculation as to the subject of this interview.

"How soon," Harvey J. Mayne demanded, "could your firm be ready to take over our advertising?"

Henry gaped and breathed, "Hah?"

"Those fellows who were here tonight are the sales manager and the advertising manager of the Mayne Corporation. We've agreed to give your company our business. On condition, of course, that you handle it yourself."

"Mr. Mayne," Henry said miserably, "I owe you an apology. I've been misrepresenting myself to you. You see, that Cozzetti is just a bargain I picked up on a trade. I'm not rich at all, or important. That family crest—"

"I know. That garageman tried to sell me that Cozzetti a few weeks ago. I recognized it. And"—H. J. Mayne fumbled in a pocket—"you dropped your chauffeur's mustache on the floor when you were talking to me yesterday." Henry deflated into a chair. "I liked your ideas about advertising. And I liked the way you spoke your opinion of how we've been spending money." Mr. Mayne sat back in his chair, grinning.

"I'll tell you, young man. It wasn't the family crest that impressed me. It was the family crust!"

THE END

THUMB JERKERS

By TOM A. BURKE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the tenth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

BEFORE you decide to pick up the chap with the wigwagging thumb it might be well to consider the following points:

1. If you have an accident in which he is injured you may have to foot the bill, and you can rest assured it will be a whopper. He may sue you for real or faked injuries and get a nice fat verdict. That often happens when one tries to be kind to a hitch-hiker.

2. Or he may turn out to be a thug, in which case you may be robbed of your valuables, your car, and possibly your life. Holdups by thumb jerkers are extremely common, and not infrequently they have committed murder. You can never tell about their real intentions.

It is all right to be big-hearted and all that, and doubtless a friendly lift is a great help, but the trouble is that the milk of human kindness isn't always appreciated. The safe way is to ignore hitch-hikers, for by their actions they have killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

"I met a woman in Singapore—



She told a fascinating tale"

... I was working for Northcliffe, then ... on the London Mail. One day, Tom Clark, the news editor, sent for me—"Jim, I am sending you down to Singapore ... I want an inside story on the opium traffic."

I arrived in Singapore on Christmas Day ... and, after the usual preliminaries, hied me to the famous Raffles Terrace—to get what it takes to cool you off. After I had been there awhile, I was conscious of a rather lovely lady of fifty, I judged, sitting just a piece away and looking very much alone. As is the custom with seasoned travellers ... especially at The Raffles ... introductions were quickly dispensed with, and I was amazed to find that this woman ... with the air of cosmopolitan finesse ... was a Canadian ... from Toronto. Imagine meeting a home-towner in Singapore ... and on Christmas Day!

This is what she told me ...

"I have never travelled before ... this is practically my first trip anywhere ... I planned it a long, long time ago. I have worked in an office in Toronto practically all my life. When I was about twenty-eight I saw two women, who had been with our firm for a number of years, suddenly let out and replaced by younger women. I determined right then that, when I reached fifty, I was going to be able to leave of my own accord ... and have money to live gracefully ... and travel."

"The other girls in the office thought I was crazy, when I purchased a Dominion Life Twenty Year Endowment Policy. But, after I signed the application ... and made my first payment ... I was on my way to an independent future."

"I found that the payments weren't as hard to make as my friends anticipated ... I just saved the money systematically each

month ... I thought I would have to pinch and scrape on my clothing allowance ... but I didn't ... and I went lots of nice places too."

"Believe me, I was a mighty happy woman when, two months ago, I said good-bye to that office which had been practically my home for over thirty years ... and just a little sorry, too, when those same girls, who had scoffed at my savings plan, came down to see me off ... fairly green with envy. I am sorry for them ... they are getting old ... nothing saved ... and their jobs none too secure."

• • • • •

Why should you not be this fortunate woman? Start now and plan for your future independence and happiness. Make your first step ... we'll be glad to help you now. Send in the coupon below and secure the booklet — "Freedom at Fifty-five".



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The Private Life of ZASU PITTS



"Listen, Kid," a Director Told Her. "You're No Good for Pictures. You Haven't Any Style. You Don't Know How to Wear Clothes. And You Haven't One Ounce of Sex Appeal."
... And Here's What Happened!

by CLARA BERANGER

Her hands. Their expressiveness won her the chance of her career.

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE summer sun beat mercilessly down upon Hollywood, enveloping houses and streets in a hot white glare. Only those who had urgent business would have risked going out in such heat.

A tall gawky forlorn-looking girl of eighteen, with great wistful blue eyes and brown hair straight as the palm trees that lined her way, trudged wearily along the sun-parched streets to a studio.

The assistant casting director took a quick look at her. "Nothing today," he snapped.

The blank despondency on the girl's face, the discouraged droop of her shoulders, made him add more gently, "You can leave your name if you like."

"Zasu Pitts," came a timid, halting whisper.

"That's a funny name," the assistant laughed.

Zasu laughed with him. "You see, I had two aunts, Eliza and Susan. My mother didn't want either of them to feel slighted, so she took the last syllable of Eliza and the first syllable of Susan and—"

But the assistant was no longer listening. A beautiful blonde, poised and self-confident, radiant with "glamour," brushed past Zasu and, flashing a provocative smile at him, asked for work.

"Sure, sweetheart," he said. "There's always a job for a good-looker like you."

Zasu stood staring at the girl. She was beautiful; she was stylish; she was perfectly groomed, from her chic little hat to the soles of her daintily shod feet.

Zasu looked down at herself. The blue suit trimmed in red, proudly purchased a month ago for seven ninety-eight, was now hopelessly crumpled from the heat. Days of walking in the sun had faded the blue to an ugly sallow green and turned the once-bright red to a rusty yellowish brown. Perspiration streaked her face, and her hair clung to her neck, limp as strands of seaweed.

How did girls like this blonde manage always to look fresh and smart and beautiful?

Discouraged, her legs aching, her heart heavy, Zasu continued on her rounds of the studios. She had to get work or she would starve to death.

Days, weeks passed. Her thin body grew more and more angular, her great sad eyes dilated with despair. What chance had she to compete with those gorgeous silken beauties who were so irresistibly alluring?

Yet, years later, her slim slouching body, her tender tragic eyes, her humorous mouth were to be worth as much at the box office as the sensuous allure of the most glamorous of screen stars.

"Listen, kid," a director said to her that first year in Hollywood. "What do you hang around studios for? You're no good for pictures. You haven't any style. You don't know how to wear clothes. And you haven't one ounce of sex appeal."

Zasu's courage faltered beneath that cruel verdict. But only for a moment. In her heart she knew she would succeed.

Brutal as it was, the director was telling the truth. For Zasu is not beautiful. The most expensive modish clothes somehow never seem to hang right on her. And she lacks that warm lure known as It.

Yet she has loved and married twice. Both husbands were stalwart, handsome men like the viking heroes.

Zasu would never admit that the screen had no place for her. Every time any one tried to tell her so, she would smile in her pathetic whimsical way and her eyes would fill with tears. But she would bravely stick her chin in the air and plod along to another studio.

"I know I'm not beautiful," she said to me years ago in my office on the Lasky lot. "I can't wear clothes like Gloria Swanson and I can't be a Mary Pickford. But, good grief, everybody shouldn't have to be beautiful on the screen. They aren't in life. There have to be some plain people. Even princesses have plain servants. Why can't I be the hired help?"

It was as "hired help," as a "slavey," that she got her first chance. Marshall Neilan ("Micky" to his friends) was directing Mary Pickford in a picture called *The Little Princess* when Zasu stumbled on to his set.

"She had the most sensitive ethereal face I ever saw on a young girl," Micky said to me recently, "but she was so painfully shy that when I spoke to her she almost went into a St. Vitus's dance."

"I started to say, 'Nothing doing,' when I noticed her hands. They were flexible and expressive, and she made quick little gestures that were comic and at the same time pathetic. Her eyes had the same sort of sadness that Charlie Chaplin's have. It struck me that she could be developed into a female Chaplin."

Yet several years later another director, the dynamic individualist Erich von Stroheim, saw in this same awkward forlorn little girl possibilities for a great tragic actress. Zasu was playing a small part in a Metro picture. Von Stroheim had never seen her on the screen. He took one look at her and decided that she was exactly the type he wanted for the part of Trina in *Greed*. The test he made demonstrated the soundness of his judgment.

"She is the greatest tragédienne I have found yet in Hollywood," he told the studio executives. "She can be the Bernhardt of the screen."

Here were two directors, one calling her a female Chaplin, the other a Bernhardt. They were both right.

Yet, in spite of her great performance in *Greed*, the public, accustomed to seeing Zasu as a comédienne, refused to accept her as a tragic actress. Her portrayal of the bereft German mother in *All Quiet on the Western Front* was exquisitely tender and moving. But at the preview, the moment Zasu appeared on the screen the audience rocked with laughter. They didn't even wait to find out what the part meant; it was enough that Zasu was playing it.

There was nothing for the studio to do but to retake with another actress the scenes that Zasu played. She has never been given a serious rôle since.

Zasu is not one of those stars who in success forget the people who have helped them on their way. To this day her face glows when she talks of von Stroheim or Micky Neilan or Frances Marion.

"I could always count on Micky and Frances," she said to me recently. "If there wasn't a part in the picture they were making, they'd write in something for me. Usually it was a slavey or a servant. I guess I was just born to be 'the help.' I love waiting on people."

THERE is one story of Zasu's early adventures in Hollywood that Micky loves to tell.

Cecil B. De Mille, director-general of the studio, asked Micky if he knew a beautiful, stylish, trim-figured young girl who was also a good actress.

"I was very fond of C. B.," Micky grinned as he related the episode, "but I was always on the alert to take advantage of every opportunity to break down his dignity. I told him I had just the girl he wanted. And I made an appointment to bring him and Zasu together.

"At that time, as you probably remember, Cecil occupied an office that looked like a cathedral—all the trimmings to give a church-like atmosphere and impress visitors with the dignity of the man behind the desk.

"When Zasu entered this room she was petrified with fear. Cecil happened to be in a bad humor, and when he saw the shy, gauche, frumpy girl standing speechless before him he barked, 'How did you get in here?'

"Zasu jumped about six feet and gave a first-class demonstration of a Dutch windmill in action, knocking over practically everything in the office and bolting without being able to say a word.

"She laughed about it afterward," Micky said, "but at the time the poor kid nearly had heart failure."

Once in those difficult early days I asked her, "How do you manage to keep up your courage?"

Fox photos

"She has something more precious and lasting than sensational glamour," says Miss Beranger. "I know I'm not beautiful," says Zasu herself. At right: With her husband, Eddie Woodall, as honeymooners.



"Well, you see," she answered, "I can't disappoint my mother. Every time I get blue and feel like running back home, I think about her. For years she has had only a government pension of twenty-five dollars a month, and on that she brought up four children. I don't see yet how she managed. But she has the spirit of the Irish. She would never give up.

"All her hopes are centered in me. If she stuck it out, I can't very well give up, can I?"

Today, at seventy, the mother lives in a beautiful home in Los Angeles, indulged with every comfort and luxury that her devoted successful daughter can provide.

Rulandus Pitts, the father, died when Zasu was a very little girl. An ex-army officer, much older than his wife, he was an unhappy, tragic figure. From Kansas, where Zasu was born, he took the family westward, finally settling in Santa Cruz, California.

Here Zasu grew up. Sensitive, inarticulate, shy, she was miserable in school and out of it.

But the school principal saw in Zasu something that the other students lacked. He gave her the star part in the school play.

From that moment her mother determined that she must go to Hollywood and be a screen actress.

The days of discouragement, the nights of sleeplessness when she was tormented by fear of starvation, all had to be endured, because she just wouldn't disappoint her mother.

Then came the meeting with Tom Gallery.

He and Zasu were both idealistic youngsters, both poor and ambitious. They decided to go the studio rounds together. Soon they were absurdly happy. Nothing seemed to matter so long as they were together. It was a romantic idyl of youth. A year flew by. The boy and girl, irresponsible as children, decided to get married. They rented a tiny toy bungalow with little else but love to keep it going.

Soon there was more work for both. Zasu's talent was being recognized, Tom was in demand as a juvenile.

With the birth of their little daughter their cup of life seemed full to the brim and overflowing.

They would not have believed that only five years later a cloud was to gather and finally to break into a storm that was to wreck their happiness.

While Zasu was becoming more and more popular, Tom was finding jobs more scarce. He decided to give up pictures and take over the management of the American Legion Stadium. He was frequently away from home for days at a time. He worked at night, Zasu in the daytime. And the tie that had held them so closely together began to loosen, imperceptibly at first.

I saw Zasu shortly after she separated from Tom. She had just read a story that charged her with following him to a girl's apartment and fighting it out.

"You don't believe that, do you?" she asked me, her voice quivering with anger. "You know I'd never fight to keep a man if he didn't want me."

She was telling the truth.

They remained friendly through six years apart, through a divorce, through Tom's romance with Madge Evans, and through Zasu's marriage to Edward Woodall.

I LUNCHEd with Zasu and Eddie recently in New York, and I have never seen Zasu so satisfied with life. She has a charming husband who adores her. She has a simple and comfortable home. She has two rollicking youngsters. She earns a large salary. And although she may not have sensational glamour, she has something infinitely more precious and lasting.

As I sat with her and Eddie in their elegantly simple suite at Pierre's, I thought back to that eighteen-year-old girl who had trudged the hot streets of Hollywood looking for work.

What a contrast! Yet success has not spoiled her. She is modest about her achievements, grateful for any happiness she can take or give.

She has always given freely of whatever she had. As for material things, "Zasu would give away the shirt off

her back," said the good-looking blue-eyed Eddie, "and people take advantage of it."

"Oh, Eddie," Zasu protested mildly, "you know that's not so. I can't help feeling sorry for people."

He smiled. "She'd like nothing better than to mother all the poor children in the country."

When Eddie Woodall showed that he was becoming seriously interested in Zasu, she asked if he was fond of children. "Because," she has explained to me, "I would never have married him if he wasn't. Fortunately, he's crazy about the kids, and they love him."

The second romance had none of the moon-blindness or impetuosity of the first. Zasu was older, more responsible. Eddie was a sober, serious young man. They both prefer the quiet of home life to the gay merry-go-round of Hollywood society. Zasu, as she says herself, hates any kind of fuss and show. She does not try to emulate the "glamorous" type of screen star.

And she does not have to.

That afternoon when Eddie told me, as I sat lunching with them, that Zasu would like nothing better than to mother all the poor children in the country, my thought drifted back to the day when she herself told me how she happened to adopt Barbara La Marr's baby.



Photo by Childnoff

CLARA
BERANGER

knows Hollywood and its celebrities if any one does, being both a distinguished writer for the screen and, in private life, Mrs. William C. de Mille. She has contributed studies of outstanding screen stars to Liberty.

IT was a sad memory. But a beautiful one.

She and Barbara had worked in the same picture on the Metro lot. They had become great friends.

Zasu's baby girl, Ann, was only three months old. Barbara's son was six months old. The young mothers compared notes and swapped advice.

Four years later, Zasu was dining with friends when some one casually mentioned that Barbara La Marr was not expected to live.

"Where is Barbara?" she cried. "Who's taking care of her? What about Sonny?"

No one knew. That night Zasu couldn't get to sleep.

"When I got up the next morning I kept thinking about them," she told me. "I asked every one I met where Barbara lived. Finally I heard that she was somewhere in Pasadena. Paul Bern could have helped me—he was her closest friend. But Paul was in New York."

He had always sent Barbara orchids. Perhaps his florist would have the address. She telephoned every flower shop in Hollywood. All in vain.

"And then," Zasu went on, "I realized he must have ordered the orchids in Pasadena. I got into my car and rode over there. After trying four different florists I finally struck the shop where Paul had a charge account, and I got the address."

"While I was standing in the hall wondering what I could do"—as she told me this, her eyes filled with tears—"a little boy came running up to me. It was Sonny. He looked up at me with big dark eyes and asked, 'Have you any little boys or girls I can play with?'"

"Honestly, I felt so sorry for that child I couldn't answer him. I just managed to stammer my name and ask the nurse to tell Barbara I'd take care of Sonny if she wanted me to."

A few hours later Barbara telephoned in a weak voice that it would take a great weight off her mind if Zasu would, while she was ill.

During the days that followed, he played in the sunshine of Zasu's garden, happy with Zasu's little girl.

And then one day came a summons to the telephone. Barbara La Marr was dead.

As Zasu moved slowly back toward the garden she could hear the happy shouts of the children at play.

"He must keep on laughing," she said to herself. "Children should never have to suffer."

Then and there she made up her mind. She would keep Sonny. She went to Paul Bern, who was in charge of Barbara's affairs, and arranged for the adoption of the boy.

He has been with her ever since. And he has never once had occasion to miss the warmth of a mother's love.

THE END

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95—NANA

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96—SANINE

A Russian Love Novel by *Michael Artzibashev*. When this book first appeared it was greeted by a storm of protest and accusation—revolutionary, dangerous—a political bombshell—excessively brutal in act and thought. Others appraised it as a true and realistic panorama of a vicious social stratum. But now only a few years since it was first published in Russia, we find that though many contemporary works have been consigned to oblivion, Sanine is marching on to immortality. This work has been translated into nearly every language and is available in every cultured land—but never before in America at this low price. (A \$5.00 book value.)

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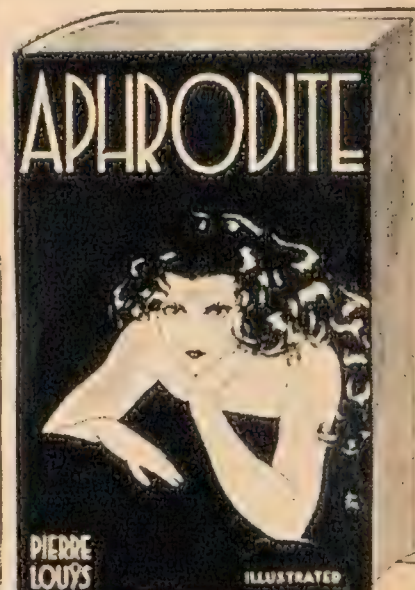
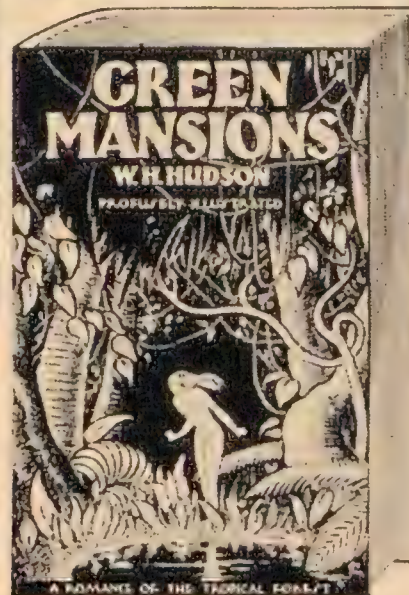
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CLAY CARROLL has been murdered. His fiancée, Linda Stuart, is on trial. Having already made it appear that it was Linda who prolonged their informal engagement ten years, and having brought out that she knew Clay was to be alone in his home, adjoining hers, the night he was shot, in last week's installment the prosecutor, Wilmott, drew from her the admission that she also knew Clay had made a will leaving everything to her.

Linda's pride is withholding memories that would throw a different light upon all this. From the time she was sixteen, Clay possessively and jealously held her in thrall to him. He did mislead her into telling her impoverished aunts, who were counting on the match, that she was engaged; but he gave her a ring only when she had attempted to eke out the family's income by taking a roomer, an attractive young Frenchman. At the same time he assumed management of the Stuarts' affairs and made their circumstances much easier. Linda's elder aunt had died, leaving her with the childish Aunt Rilla, more dependent than ever upon the prosperous Clay's assistance.

At length his widowed mother was moved to confide in Linda that she too was impatient for the marriage, hoping it might free her to marry her girlhood sweetheart, a Dr. Conlon. She would have done so long before but for an amazing outburst of jealousy and rage from the juvenile Clay when he had found them together. Since then he had held her captive much as he had been holding Linda.

As last week's installment ended Wilmott pounced on Linda's answer that she was grateful for all Clay's kindness. How then, he demanded, did she explain a letter written to her by one Scott Barclay three weeks before Clay's death, and "proving conclusively," according to Wilmott, that she had been planning to get rid of him?

PART THREE—CAPTIVITY

THERE was a gasp throughout the courtroom. Frantically Joe Barnard jumped to his feet, shouting:

"I object! I object! What is this letter? No such statement has been proved! I know of no such letter."

The judge asked sharply, "Are you intending to introduce the letter in evidence?"

"With your Honor's permission, I do!"

The prosecutor took the letter and handed it elaborately to the judge, who studied it with a frown. At last he directed Wilmott to show it to the defendant's counsel, saying wearily, "It may be introduced."

The prosecutor handed it to Linda. "Will you examine it, Miss Stuart, and tell us if this is a letter you received last summer from Scott Barclay?"

Linda brooded over it, then raised her clear eyes to Wilmott's. "It is," she said gently.

Wilmott's voice rang joyfully. "Will you read it to the court, please?" And Linda began to read, in a low moved voice, as if she held something very precious in her hands:

"My darling: Perhaps you know best, my sweet. Perhaps the course you have chosen is the only one to follow."

She had begun it calmly enough, but now as her eyes traveled over the lines they widened slowly, filling with a horrified understanding. For a second her glance sought Judge Townsend appealingly, but the rigid austerity of his face never altered.

"Go on," the prosecutor reminded her softly.

And now Linda's voice was shaking and she read each word as if she were seeing it for the first time:

"But would you ever have any peace again? Remember, money isn't everything. Do you really want to go through with it? You could still change your mind. We'd be poor perhaps, but oh, so happy! Always, always we belong to each other. Whatever you decide to do, you know that I'm on your side. My Linda, right or wrong.

"You have all my love.

SCOTT"

Her tongue had stumbled and faltered over the last words.

"Is that all?"

"No. There is a little more:

"P.S. My boat sails September 3. I will leave here on the sleeper at one forty-five the night before. I am not going to lose hope that you will give it all up, that you will come with me before it's too late to change your decision—a decision which could only bring you grief."

In a low voice she added, still reading: "My dearest, I love you."

"Thank you."

A silence brooded over the courtroom—a silence which the prosecutor deliberately prolonged. When he spoke, his accusing voice was low but it carried to the farthest corner of the room:

"And in spite of this letter, every word of which is mute testimony to the contrary, do you still deny that you were planning to murder Clayton Carroll in cold blood to get his money? Do you dare to deny that your 'decision' means your decision to commit this act?"

ONE afternoon in midwinter Liza called up the stairs that Clay was in the parlor. Linda descended, mildly surprised at a visit from him in the middle of the afternoon—and knew after one look at his face that something terrible had happened.

He was pacing the room. He turned and stared at her as if he had never seen her before. Then without a word he handed her a crumpled paper, and dropping into a chair covered his face with his hands.

Her eyes turned wonderingly from his bowed head to the paper. It was a letter addressed to him, postmarked New York. He threw back his head.

"Well, why don't you read it?" he exclaimed.

Linda pulled it from its envelope.

My son [it read];

By the time you get this I will be married to Dr. Conlon. We will be far away—too far for you to bring me back. Your attitude makes it impossible for me to say more. Some day, perhaps, you will understand and will forgive

YOUR MOTHER

Linda read it twice. Then she said weakly, "I thought

by MARY BICKEL



Clay came in. "You funny little girl!" He looked up and smiled at Amy as one grown-up to another. "Can you imagine my letting this baby come to New York to live by herself?"

Mrs. Bickel's Story, Which Continues in These Pages, Was the First Choice Out of 7,000 First Novels Submitted in Response to Liberty's Recent Offer to Unknown Writers



she had only gone to New York to do some shopping!"

"Hah!" He snatched the letter out of her hand. "So did I! That's what she said. This was the day she was to return. Instead of that—"

There was such helpless rage in his face that Linda pitied him. She put her arms around him as one would do to a child, and pressed her cheek against his.

"Clay dear," she murmured, "you mustn't mind so! Try to be happy to think that she is. She's loved him for such a long time."

He flung away from her with a sneer.

"What? Loved that skunk who would try to take her away from me! You call it *love*—what she felt for him?" He shuddered. "Ah, if you knew what I know—"

He stood at the window, his face ugly, staring at the snow outside. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked softly.

"I do know," she said.

Clay did not even hear her. She noticed that his eyes were strangely bright. "I'll kill myself," he muttered softly. "That's what I'll do. I'll kill myself!"

The idea seemed to give him pleasure.

LINDA put her hand over his mouth. "Clay, you mustn't say such things!" she said sternly. Yet she felt sorrier than she had ever felt for any one before. Aunt Rilla's quavering voice drifted down from her room upstairs: "Lin-da!"

Linda kissed Clay. "I'll be right back," she whispered.

She found Aunt Rilla knitting as usual in her rocker by the window. The old lady looked up over her glasses.

"Here is a letter for you that I brought upstairs by mistake and forgot to give you."

It was in the same handwriting as the one downstairs. Aunt Rilla said, craning her neck, "Whoever can it be from, do you think? New York, isn't it?"

Linda broke the flap and glanced at it. "It's just an advertisement, auntie. I must run now. Clay is waiting downstairs."

But instead she went into her own room, where she read Mrs. Carroll's letter.

My dear Linda [it began]: I am writing to you the letter that I should be writing to Clay—but can't. Because I love you I am going to write you as if

There stood a roadster glistening in the dusk.

"It's for you, Linda."

you were my daughter, as I had hoped you would be.

By the time you get this I will be on my honeymoon. Think of it! I can hardly believe it even yet. At last I am married to my doctor, my dear, dear doctor, whom I have loved for so many years. Tomorrow we are sailing for a Mediterranean cruise. We will be gone many months. Perhaps we shall never come back to America.

Some day, perhaps, Clay will have forgiven me. But if not—well, that's as may be. I am out in the sunshine at last. And if he does not, I comfort myself that he will have you. I know that you love him, and that once you are married you will straighten out the kinks in his character.

Do you remember, when I told you about my doctor, I said that after I had sent him away he got married? So he did, to a little invalid patient who must have adored him for years, though he does not say so. Anyway, he pitied her and was fond of her—but the poor little thing only lived two years. If I had known that I might have written him long ago. But I only learned of it recently.

At first I didn't write him, even then. There was Clay to consider: the old dread of having a scene—of I knew not what kind of violence. But there was you. I knew instinctively that, for some inexplicable reason, Clay would never marry you while I remained with him. I could not see you week after week eating your heart out for my boy—getting more bewildered, more bitter and unhappy—without trying to end it. At last it came to me: I could save all three of our lives, mine and yours and Clay's too, by writing my doctor, by—yes, I confess it—*proposing* to him!

So here we are, about to sail. We are bound to be happy. And oh, my dear, through the mists of this queer business I see happiness for you too. Surely, surely now, Clay will marry his patient Griselda. Later, on the boat, when it comes to me clearly what I must say, I will write him more fully. But I can never explain to him as I can to you. Good-by and God bless you.

ELIZABETH CARROLL CONLON

As Linda came down the stairs she could see Clay through the door in the parlor beyond, and she was struck at once by the curious rigidity of his attitude.

He stood with his back to her, so intent on something that he did not even hear her.

Then she saw what it was that absorbed him. He was standing in the sunny window where Aunt Rilla's canary hopped and warbled all day long. Somehow the bird had caught its wing in the little gilt door and was struggling pitifully to free itself, its other wing thrashing and flapping helplessly.

And Clay stood watching, making no motion to free it! As clearly as if she had seen it from the beginning, Linda knew that he had been watching it intently like this for some time.

With a gasp she ran to release the bird and smooth out the ruffled wings with tender fingers. Looking up reproachfully, she found Clay regarding her with such a curious smile that the quick words died on her lips.

She turned—and suddenly Clay took her in his arms—straining her to him, crushing her, hurting her.

"Anyway," he murmured, his fingers in her hair, "anyway—I still have you."

"NOW, Miss Stuart, how did Clay feel about his mother going away in this heartless manner?"

"Very badly, I'm afraid."

"Is it true that he never allowed any one to mention her name after that?"

"Yes. That's true."

"Did Clay ever give you any explanation for such unfeeling be-

havior toward a loving devoted son?"

"Yes. He had always been against her marriage. And she had loved this Dr. Conlon for a long time."

"How did you know this?"

"She wrote me about it."

"Have you that letter in your possession?"

"No. It's been destroyed."

"What did it say?"

"Only that she loved Dr. Conlon so much and they were going to be very happy."

"I see. And so you could excuse Mrs. Carroll's behavior on the ground that she was so much in love?"

Linda with dignity said, "I think so, yes."

"Aha! I am beginning to see light. So you consider that *love* is ample excuse for almost any kind of dastardly behavior, do you?"

Linda's eyes were tortured as she protested, "I didn't say that!"

If she had any hopes that Mrs. Carroll's virtual elopement would remove the obstacle, they dwindled as the weeks slipped by. The situation seemed, if anything, more hopeless than before.

For now Clay turned suddenly morose, brooding for hours at a time on his imagined wrongs. Conditions at the bank, too, seemed to disturb him. He flew into rages over trifles. He was developing enemies in the business and political worlds, men who would have defied him openly had they dared.

As for Linda, he watched her constantly. She was labeled "Clay's girl" as plainly as if she had gone about carrying a sign. She sometimes thought that she was his only friend now; and this new pity, this longing to help him, but added one more powerful strand to the ties that bound her to him.

But in spite of them, in spite of the habit of inaction which was dulling the vitality of her desires, slowly she began to realize that she was nearing the end of her endurance. She was twenty-eight now, and so far she had done nothing—nothing but wait for Clay.

HIS visits were becoming mere tests of endurance. Old Liza hated him—would barely serve him at table when he came for meals. Fortunately, Clay did not notice. Aunt Rilla was like a child who in the midst of cataclysm will go placidly on playing with her dolls. But she was a spoiled child too, and was often offended.

Sometimes Linda would sit idly turning her engagement ring on her finger, and at such times it seemed to her as if the world stood still—as if there were no past or present or future, but only herself, hung in mid-air, suspended in a vacuum, to remain forever changeless. At night the sparkling jewel followed her into her dreams; and then she would awake, trembling, and turn on the light until she could compose herself enough to sleep.

It was on one of those troubled

nights that she saw, in her dream, the canary fluttering again, beating its little wings against the cage. She kept trying to free it, but strong hands held her back—viselike hands.

She woke up exhausted—and said aloud, "I am that bird!"

Lying motionless in the darkness, she was overwhelmed by this revelation. It was as if, for the first time, she saw where her days were leading.

From that moment she began to plan for escape.

The next afternoon she was standing in the doorway of Judge Townsend's study and he was holding her hand and saying: "Well, well! Come in. Come in! Now, my dear, what can I do for you? There is something on your mind."

"Yes; I want you to help me," she said simply, and he said, "Of course I will. You know that."

SHE explained what she had decided to do. New York—and a job. She was sure Aunt Rilla would be all right. There was a Swedish girl, Minnie Anderson, who had worked for the Baxters. She would be needed to help Liza. Linda had already talked to her. That part was all right. The point was, to get a job.

Of course she had no experience. But he knew so many people. Could he give her a letter to any one?—make any suggestions?

He sat silent a moment, his kind eyes on her searchingly. And then he asked the question she had been dreading:

"Tell me, Linda, why do you want to do this? You are engaged, are you not, to Clayton Carroll?"

Instantly, even with Judge Townsend, her pride intervened. Even to him she could not reveal the truth.

"Oh, Uncle Dan, I just don't want to get married, after all!"

He showed no surprise, no curiosity. He said gently:

"You realize, don't you, how the town will talk? They'll say you jilted the most eligible bachelor in Maplewood. That's not easy, you know, for the women of this town to forgive."

"I can't help it. I've made up my mind."

"Very well, then. Now let me see—"

She went home armed with several letters, comforted and strengthened by his wisdom and his kindness.

Breaking the news to Aunt Rilla was the next hurdle. The girl Minnie was shown her duties and sworn to secrecy until Linda should be gone.

On no account must Clay know. Linda would write him a letter from New York, as his mother had done. She would not break with him. No doubt *he* would do that, she thought bitterly; and that was best.

When Liza was told of the plan, her old eyes, sullen for so long, kindled with malicious delight and again her hoarse cackle sounded from the kitchen. She was like a conspirator.

"All Ah want," the old woman chuckled on what was to be Linda's last night at home, "is to be roun'

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when Mars' Clay finds this out! Then Ah kin die happy!"

She spent the day preparing the dishes which Clay most fancied. At the table she hovered over him, urging second helpings, her eyes snapping behind his back, and when she got into the kitchen Linda could hear her laughing and talking to herself. But Clay was silent, unnoticing, sunk in his own dark thoughts.

Even as Linda talked her mind was busy with plans. She would work so hard in New York that presently she would be able to get a little apartment and bring Liza and Aunt Rilla there. They would sell the house in Maplewood, receiving for it a miraculously high price.

The next morning early, too early to be seen and remarked by the townspeople, she telephoned for Willie Collins to take her to the station in his taxi.

Maplewood was sitting down to breakfast when Linda's train pulled out, so that there was no one on the platform but the baggageman and Willie. The station agent was a man she had never seen before. Willie's eyes yearned at her foolishly. She explained that he must not mention her trip because she wanted to surprise Amy whom she was going to visit.

Long after the town was left behind she seemed to see, dancing against the flying landscape, Willie's vacant, adoring face making grimaces of farewell.

But as the train clicked out the miles her spirits lightened. She was going to New York! She was through with Maplewood forever! It began to be an intoxicating thought. "Oh, you fool!" she whispered to herself happily. "You fool! Why didn't you do this years ago?"

"WITH his mother gone, there was no apparent reason why you should not get married at once, was there?"

"No."

"And you still loved him, you say?"

"Yes."

"I see. And yet, instead of marrying him, you decided, the following winter, that you would go to New

York and get a job. That is the truth, is it not?"

"Yes, that is true."

"And you went secretly, without taking Clay into your confidence, although you say you loved him?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, Miss Stuart, just why did you do that?"

"I—I wanted to get away for a while."

"You mean that your financial situation made it necessary for you to work?"

"No; that was easier after Clay began to manage our affairs."

"But the truth is that you wanted to get away because you were tired of Clay. You were finding that you didn't love him, after all—that even the temptation of all his wealth didn't compensate you for your freedom—the freedom, perhaps, to meet some one you *could* love. That was the real reason, wasn't it?"

"No. No. I still loved Clay. I would have married him—"

BUT even as she said it she heard herself telling Judge Townsend, "Oh, Uncle Dan, I just don't want to get married, after all!" and the memory made her falter over her words. But to save her life she could not admit, even now, that it was Clay's reluctance, not hers, that had prevented their marriage. She had lived with her pride too long. Besides, would it not only give the state a different and more powerful weapon against her?

"You mean you would have married him if you couldn't do any better in New York—is that it? You didn't break off the engagement when you left, as an honorable person would have done, because you wanted to keep him in reserve, because his wealth was something not easily given up—was that it?"

"No—no! You don't understand. I loved him—"

He thundered at her: "Well, then, why in heaven's name didn't you marry him, instead of all this dilly-dallying?"

The very air told Linda that every soul in the courtroom was asking the same question. And her white face closed against them, set itself in a proud and stubborn silence.

"I don't know," she said in a lifeless voice. "I loved him. But I wasn't ready to get married."

She could not meet her counsel's eye. She knew that such a statement would seem to him irreparable.

Amy, radiant, flung her arms around Linda in the Grand Central Station. "My dear! How simply divine! How long will you stay? I know what you've come for—your trousseau. I'll help you with your shopping—"

Linda postponed contradicting her, and they took the subway, arriving in due course at the entrance of a large building overlooking Morningside Park.

"Ronny has a class at four o'clock," Amy chattered. "But he'll be home right after that. Oh, Linda, he's such a darling! He was almost as pleased as I was to have you. I'm dying for you to see the apartment." They stepped out of the elevator and she produced her key. "Of course it's tiny, Linda. Only three rooms." Linda thought it was lovely and said so. Amy explained apologetically that Linda would have to sleep on the day-bed in the living room.

"Next year we'll need another room, I expect."

"Why?" said Linda innocently, and then her eyes widened. "Oh, Amy, how wonderful! When?"

But an icy hand settled on her heart. (A baby! She said to herself fiercely: "Stop that! What a selfish pig, just because you can't have one!") "How does Ronny feel about it?" she forced herself to say, smiling.

Triumphantly reproachful, Amy sang, "How *would* he feel! He's mad about the idea. Why, Linda, you're crying!"

"No, I'm not." Linda wiped her eyes. "Or if I am it's just because I'm happy for you. I think it's the grandest thing that ever happened to anybody."

"Listen here, Linda—" Amy began impulsively, and then stopped. Something kept her from mentioning Clay.

Ronny came home presently, and Linda's memory of a pleasant plumpish person with horn-rimmed spectacles deepened into a genuine and immediate liking. They

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lingered over the after-dinner coffee. Linda, laughing, tried for the first time in her life to smoke a cigarette. Finally Ronny looked at his watch.

"Jove, I have to hear that Chinaman's lecture on International Relations. You girls want to come along?"

Amy kissed the hand he laid on her shoulder. "We'd rather stay home and gossip. Wouldn't we? Anyway, Linda's tired. You run along, darling."

When the door had closed behind him Linda said softly, "He's sweet. Oh, Amy, you lucky girl!" Then she raised somber eyes and said in a strained voice, "Amy, I've come to New York to get a job."

"But, Linda—why should you?" Amy stammered.

"I've thought about it for a long time. I don't know what I can do, but surely there's something, somewhere."

"But—"

Linda leaned forward and, with her hand over her friend's, begged wistfully, "Please—don't ask me anything about it. I—I just don't love him, I guess."

Why, oh, why couldn't she tell the truth? Why must she keep pretending? Why did it seem preferable that they should all think her the heartless one, think she was too cold or too doubtful or too whatever it was that makes women keep men dangling?

She looked up and surprised on Amy's face a hard, distrustful look. She was prepared for the coldness that crept into Amy's voice when she said, "Well, whatever it is, Linda, I'm awfully sorry. I supposed it was all settled."

THE evening wore on uncomfortably. In vain they tried to recapture their glowing mood. Between them were those questions, unasked and unanswered: Why are you throwing Clay over? Why don't you love him? Why do you want a job when he has everything to offer you? And, implicit: Why are you such an ungrateful girl that you could throw away such a man? Do you think, then, that you are too good for him?

They went to bed early, and later on Linda, lying sleepless, heard Ronny tiptoe into the bedroom; and then the murmur of their voices. Amy would be telling Ronny all about it. She imagined them saying pityingly, "Perhaps she is just a born old maid." Or—and that was the hardest to bear—"Perhaps he's tired of her."

The next morning, however, her spirits rose buoyantly. It was exhilarating to realize that she was actually in New York, about to embark on a job; that the old life was all behind her; that—oh, blessed thought—she was free!

Amy, too, seemed determined to ignore the constraint of the previous night. Breakfast was a hilarious meal. Ronny and Amy were full of plans for what the girls would do.

"Just let's have one day together,

Linda!" Amy had pleaded. "After you get a job it will be too late."

Ronny, ready for the day's work, approached Linda confidentially and said earnestly, "Linda, would you mind using your influence with my wife and asking her if she'd mind giving me a clean towel for the bathroom? Somehow I don't like to use the same one for more than a week." His voice dropped plaintively.

Linda's amazed expression turned suddenly to laughter. Oh, but these two were sweet! It was good to listen to such absurd nonsense. Amy was indignant. "You wretch! You had a clean towel just last Michaelmas. No, my good man, not another one until Whitsuntide."

The doorbell rang. Ronny opened the door and a man stepped into the room.

It was Clay.

"**Y**OU knew, of course, that Clay would not want you to go to New York on such a mission?"

Linda was twisting her hands nervously in her lap. "I suppose so."

"Do you for a moment expect the jury to believe that if you had been really in love with him, and anxious to marry him, you would have run away from him as you did?"

"I object to that question!" shouted Mr. Barnard. "It is mere argument and—"

The judge, attentive, tireless, said, "The objection is sustained. Proceed."

"You can't give any explanation of your going to New York? You have admitted that it was not from financial necessity. Why was it, then, that you embarked—secretly—on this very peculiar course of conduct?"

"I—I wanted to see if I could support myself, in case—"

"Oh, yes," he breathed encouragingly. "In case—"

"Well, in case anything should go wrong—with my marriage."

Too late Linda realized how damaging her words might be.

A broad smile dawned on the prosecutor's face. His voice had a staccato ring:

"Ah! So you *expected* something to happen that would prevent your marriage taking place! Is that it?"

"Your Honor! I most strenuously object—"

Amy was the first to speak:

"Hello, Clay! What in the world are you doing here? Ronny, you remember Clayton Carroll, don't you? You met him at the wedding. Here, Clay, let me take your things."

Clay returned their greetings gravely and turned at once to Linda, who had remained in her seat staring at him. He approached her and took her hand.

"Hello, Linda." His voice was gentle. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Yes—yes, of course," she stammered, but her eyes were searching his face fearfully. What brought him here? At once she felt that her new

"his energy came right back" says the noted DR. JANUSCHKE



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precious freedom was threatened—was perhaps already gone.

He stood holding her hand with the compassionate manner of one bringing bad news. "Linda," he said as if reluctantly, "I hate to tell you this, but I've come to take you back. Your Aunt Rilla is ill."

After a blank silence she rose and faced him.

"Tell me the truth, Clay! Is she honestly sick? Does she really need me?"

Clay looked hurt. "Have I ever lied to you?" He went on plaintively:

"Linda, I left your aunt in bed last night, ill—ill and miserable and hysterical. Oh, Linda, how can you have the heart to desert an old helpless pathetic creature like your Aunt Rilla?" His voice rang sternly. "I'm appealing to your humanity, Linda!"

LINDA stared at him wildly. "How do I know you're not just saying that?" she choked.

She rushed from the room and flung herself on Amy's bed, weeping. Instead of following her, Clay sat down after a moment and lit a cigar. He smoked quietly, waiting.

An hour later Amy was still arguing with Linda, who lay on the bed spent and exhausted. Ronny had gone to his class.

"He's right, darling," Amy murmured. "Of course you must go back. I expect it was just a silly idea you had, anyway, of trying to work in New York. I would have loved having you, of course, but your place is beside Aunt Rilla, my dear, and beside Clay. You know you have always loved Clay. And see how much he loves you! He can't bear you out of his sight. Why, Linda, you ought to be thankful! I can't think what's gotten into you."

Linda tried to shut her ears against the torturing words that rippled on and on mercilessly.

"Every one has quarrels. Naturally a girl is afraid of marriage, in a way. I used to feel like that myself! It's all so strange and new. But it's so wonderful."

Linda lay rigid now, saying to herself, "Oh, God, make her stop! Make her stop!" She hated them both.

Then Clay came in and took it up: "Just rest a little while and then we'll go home, won't we? You funny little girl! You ought to know that Clay wouldn't let you worry your pretty head about trying to get a job."

He looked up and smiled at Amy as one grown-up to another. "Can you imagine my letting this baby come to New York to live by herself? Don't you know, honey, that I just live to keep you away from all the sin and sorrow and poverty in the world?"

He kissed the tip of her ear. Amy sighed romantically. Ronny had never talked to her like this.

Oh God, oh God, oh God. Make them stop and leave me alone. Linda's heart was dead, frozen up inside of her. There was just one thing she still wanted of them.

"Is Aunt Rilla honestly sick?" she insisted.

Clay assumed the expression of a patient man who determines not to become exasperated. "Yes, Linda, your aunt is really sick! Perhaps critically so. And your absence is aggravating her condition. Of course, I can't force you to go back—"

"Oh, hush!" Linda broke in wildly. She pushed Clay's hands away and sat up. Through her tears his face danced before her, eyes and teeth glittering. They sparkled diabolically, like the facets of her diamond ring. She gave a little gesture of defeat.

"All right, Clay. All right. You win."

Clay was very gay as he gave the two girls lunch at the Biltmore. Very charming and chivalrous until, as their train pulled out, Amy's face faded away.

Then Clay turned to Linda, and his voice was hard:

"Well? Are you trying to jilt me?"

The expression which dawned in her eyes then, so coldly contemptuous, whipped him into a fury.

"So you tried to get away from me, did you? Maplewood wasn't exciting enough for you, perhaps. I suppose that young Frenchman is here in New York, too. Thought you'd get a job, didn't you? Don't worry—I know all about it. I made your Aunt Rilla tell me."

Afterward, the only other thing she could remember about the trip home was watching Clay pick a fly from the window sill and sit with it held between his fingers, intently pulling its legs off one by one.

IT was dusk when the train pulled into the Maplewood station. On the platform Clay paused and looked about until a man hurried up to them, rubbing his hands together. Clay nodded. "Well, Harmon, I see it's here."

"Yes, sir; here she is. And she's a beauty! Good evening, Miss Stuart!" His smile was positively roguish. Linda recognized him as an automobile dealer in town and bowed coldly.

They followed him to the street, and there, surrounded by a group of admiring men and boys, stood an expensive roadster glistening in the dusk. Clay opened the door with a smile.

"It's for you, Linda."

The dealer chuckled expectantly, rubbing his hands.

Linda repeated stupidly, "For me?"

"Yes! It's yours! I told Harmon yesterday I'd take it and to have it here to meet us tonight."

As they drove home Linda said slowly, "You—you bought this car before you left Maplewood? You were as sure as that—that I would come back?"

Clay threw her a fleeting smile for answer. Linda could find no word of thanks, though she stared at the car, overwhelmed by its glittering perfection.



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At home she ran up to Aunt Rilla's room. The door was shut, and after knocking softly she pushed it open and went in. Her first thought was, "She really is sick, then!" as she saw that her aunt was sitting up in bed having her supper.

She greeted Linda with tremulous joy. "I've been feeling terrible, Linda—simply terrible!" Then she exclaimed apologetically, "Oh, my dear, I tried not to tell him where you were! He would get it out of me!" She clung to Linda's hand. "And so he brought you back. He said he would. He's so masterful!" She sighed indulgently. He was their man. He could do no wrong.

"Yes, I'm back." Linda sat down on the edge of the bed.

Then she noticed the food on the tray—meat balls and mashed potatoes. How stupid of Minnie! "Dear, let me get you something suitable to eat."

"Oh, but, Linda!" the old lady protested in childish disappointment. "I haven't had a thing to eat all day! I promised Clay I wouldn't. My child, he was *beside* himself when he found you'd gone. Of course, he's a dear boy and you know how devoted I am to him, but really he just wore me out last night! You know how difficult he can be. He didn't mean to, of course, but he got me so nervous and excited I was fairly ill. And then suddenly he saw what a state I was in, and nothing would do but I must go to bed. He made such a fuss over me! He even called up the doctor. Fancy! He told Minnie to put me right to bed, and here I've been ever since."

To justify herself she added, "I did feel terrible, though!"

Linda looked down at her in silence, her lips twisted. The old lady took a large bite of potato and smiled up at her niece.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're home! I realize now, after what Clay said, that the city is no place for a decent respectable girl to live in alone. I feel, Linda"—her eyes were round and solemn—"that you've had a very, very narrow escape."

Linda's laugh was harsh. "Well, you needn't worry any more, auntie," she said bitterly. "Clay rescued me. I imagine I'm here to stay—now."

She smoothed the covers and took the tray. As she was carrying it out Aunt Rilla called after her: "Oh, Linda dear, do you suppose—? I know I promised Clay that I wouldn't get up until tomorrow—but I'm perfectly all right now—do you suppose I could get dressed now? I feel splendid. Why, darling, what are you laughing at? Linda dear, stop laughing. Stop it! You'll make yourself sick. Linda! You sound positively hysterical!"

Recaptured! Trapped and tethered! What manner of man was Clay? Did he simply take a spider's cruel pleasure in Linda's struggles within his web? Or was there excuse, even justification, for his strange and seemingly malignant conduct? Read next week's installment, in which the mysterious Scott Barclay comes on the scene at last—and Clay, returning to Maplewood unexpectedly, surprises Linda and Barclay together.

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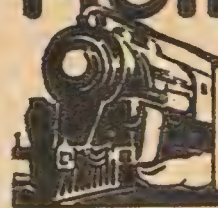


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The Story of the
Dramatic Beginning
and Tragic End of a
Great Industry's Most
Picturesque Figure



the Wild Welshman of STEEL

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THAT strange dynamic Welshman, Captain Bill Jones of the quick fists and the quicker heart, who had shattered all world records in the production of steel, was dismissing with a shrug the offer to make him a millionaire.

"No reward is too great for you to ask of me," Andrew Carnegie told his cyclonic superintendent earnestly, and he meant it.

"Much obliged, Andy, but there isn't anything I want," answered the man who more than any other had helped to make him the first American king of steel.

"You can be my partner, Bill—I'll give you whatever stock you say. You are making millions for me. It is only right that part of those millions should be yours."

Again Captain Bill—who had shown the world for the first time how to make a ton of steel every three minutes—shrugged his stocky shoulders.

"I've never had any personal acquaintance with millions, Andy, and I don't want any. I have troubles enough now making this mill of yours behave!" His Indian-brown face lighted with a whimsical smile. "But if it is worrying you, Andy, I'll tell you what you can do. You can give me a hell of a big salary!"

"Then I'll pay you the same salary that the President of the United States receives," declared Mr. Carnegie.

Captain Bill directed a stream of tobacco juice with an uncanny aim into a sawdust receptacle and nodded indifferently, without enough curiosity to ask how much salary the President was getting. When Andrew Carnegie gave the boss of his Edgar Thomson steel plant the

"President's salary," the news made something of a sensation in American business circles.

It was the largest salary Andrew Carnegie ever paid to any man, but it was pin money compared to the income that Bill Jones could have received by a nod of his head. Seven years before, he had been called "Wild Bill, the bad man of Johnstown," and the Cambria Iron Works had been afraid to promote him.

There are those who maintain that this curious Welshman, who fought his way out from the obscurity of a western Pennsylvania mill town to write to England in 1881 the remarkable document which might well be called the American industrial declaration of independence, was the greatest steel man in the history of the United States.

For two decades before and after the Civil War Great Britain had led the world in the making of Bessemer steel. At that time the steel industry in America was about where the automobile industry was before the advent of Henry Ford.

Although Bessemer steel had been made in America for twenty-five years, nobody had learned to make it fast enough to pay, and it was believed that this was a mysterious trade secret known only to England.

Romance now takes its place in the story that was to revolutionize much of the industrial history of the world.

In almost the same year that a young Scottish immi-

His first job after marriage was at the Cambria Works. He was taken on at two dollars a day.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
DAN SAYRE
GROESBECK



by
**HUGH
WEIR**

grant boy by the name of Andy Carnegie was given a job as a messenger in the telegraph office at Pittsburgh, a Welsh boy, Billy Jones, was laboring at his apprenticeship in an iron mill less than one hundred miles away. These two boys were destined to release the greatest stream of gold which American industry had ever known—millions overnight.

The father of young Billy Jones was a poor Welsh pattern maker, the religious and intellectual leader of the Welsh in the village of Catasauqua, Pennsylvania.

The principal man in the village was David Thomas, who has justly been called "the father of the American iron trade."

He built big furnaces instead of little ones, and put the manufacture of pig iron on a solid footing with the new fuel of anthracite. In 1849 he became the employer of young Bill Jones, then a ten-year-old youngster with a terrifying reputation for recklessness. He had almost wrecked the local schoolhouse because he thought the teacher had unjustly flogged one of his boy friends.

Yet, when not robbing hens' nests or pelting stones at the Irish boys at the other end of the village, Billy was flat on the uncarpeted floor of the family's wooden cottage wrestling with the long words in one of his father's precious books. And the elder Jones had 150 volumes, the largest library in that part of the state.

When he was eighteen he ran away from Catasauqua,

and tramped about the country, finally landing at Chattanooga, where in his wanderlust he met a Southern beauty, Harriet Lloyd, wooed her fervently, and finally persuaded her to be his wife.

His first job after marriage was at the Cambria Iron Works at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where he was taken on at two dollars a day.

He remained there for sixteen roistering years—gaining little except the reputation of being the most popular sub-boss in town. Often he would stop work and take all of his men to a baseball game or a horse race. Fun and frolic seemed, until he was thirty-four, to be the only aim in his life.

EMPLOYED at the Cambria Works there happened to be two men by the name of Jones—William, or Captain Bill, as he was always called, and Daniel—no relation to each other but both occupying practically the same positions under George Fritz, the manager. They were good friends, but Dan was all that Captain Bill was not; in other words, a quiet, steady, plodding worker.

In the year 1873 George Fritz died suddenly, and for days there was much

speculation as to who would be named his successor.

It was obvious that either of the Jones boys stood in line for the job, and if the choice had depended upon ability as a boss and personal popularity, there is no question that the promotion would have gone to Captain Bill. In fact he counted upon it himself, almost to a certainty.

But to his astonishment the announcement was made that the plodding Dan had been chosen over his head. It chanced that Captain Bill was the first to take the news to his successful rival, and the other heard it with deep surprise.

"I was sure that you would be the man, Bill," he said.

"So was I!" admitted Captain Bill. "But I wasn't." And then, whittling off another slice of tobacco, he added grimly, "I think I know the reason why."

He did, and a short time later he quietly disappeared.

Days passed, and the gossip at Johnstown became a fever of speculation as to what had become of him.

It was generally conceded that Captain Bill was indulging in a protracted orgy in the effort to overcome his disappointment and bitterness, and there were those who, remembering his proud spirit, predicted that he would drink himself to death.

But in all of the speculation nobody ventured near the truth. Captain Bill was not indulging in a protracted orgy but in a protracted battle with himself.

Plodding Dan had been chosen. Captain Bill was the first to take the news to his rival.



His failure to be advanced had been a deeper blow than his companions had realized, for it struck him at a point where it hurt the most—his pride in his job. But in all of his bitterness he did not touch a bottle.

He was fighting the hardest battle that Captain Bill was ever called upon to fight—the battle to overcome the weakness which he knew had stood between him and promotion.

Had he lost that fight it is probable that the early story of steel would have been entirely changed.

The pendulum swings back now to a young division superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad who was resigning his salaried job of \$125 a month because he thought he could make more money on his own.

His name was Andrew Carnegie—and, incidentally, that was the largest salary he ever received. But he seemed to be born with a gift for making money and powerful friends.

Before he was thirty he was in a dozen outside business enterprises, from sleeping cars to oil wells. He was organizing now the Keystone Bridge Company with his brother Tom and a boyhood friend, William Coleman, to make iron bridges. But both of them saw a greater opportunity to make money faster in Bessemer steel.

A TRACT of land of 100 acres had already been secured by his associates at Braddock, Pennsylvania.

A contract for a new Bessemer plant was given to Alexander L. Holley, who had built more steel mills than any other man in America.

And Holley reported that Captain Bill Jones, who had left his Johnstown job, had straightened up, was looking for a job, and was available as superintendent.

Andrew Carnegie, with his uncanny ability always to surround himself with the best men available, wired from New York, "Hire him!"

Almost overnight the quiet little town of Braddock was swept into a fever of excitement such as it had never known before. Steel, steel, steel was as much the burning topic of conversation as California gold had been twenty years before.

And the central figure of the public imagination was

Captain Bill Jones, the wild Welshman from Johnstown.

Before the older residents of the neighborhood could understand what it was all about, the new steel plant was rearing its challenging form against the hills, and Captain Bill was pressing every available workman within fifty miles into service.

And then out of a clear sky came the crushing news that the great American banking house of Jay Cooke had failed—and the disastrous panic of 1873 was on.

In New York City Andrew Carnegie was grimly pacing his room in the old St. Nicholas Hotel. He had invested \$250,000 in the new steel plant at Braddock—practically every dollar he had in the world.

And it was too late to call it back. Unless he could put the mill on a profit-making basis without delay, he was a bankrupt. He talked to Alexander Holley, and then he sent for Captain Bill.

CAPTAIN Bill wasn't in the least in awe of Mr. Carnegie's frock coat or silk hat. "To hell with the market!" he said. "We are going to make steel!"

"But can we make it fast enough?" objected his employer.

"That depends," said Captain Bill, "on how much of a chance you are willing to take on Holley and me."

Andrew Carnegie's gray eyes returned again to the man who was to break or make him, and he made one of the wisest decisions of his life: "You can count on me, Captain Jones, to the finish!"

The steel plant was a success from the start. In the first four months Captain Bill and his men turned out double the amount of steel ever produced in the world before with similar equipment. A net return of over \$40,000 for a new enterprise in panic times! And this was just a beginning.

Depression everywhere, and yet the railroads soon were busier than they had ever been in the history of Pennsylvania, carrying in the mounds of ore and carrying away the great stacks of steel rails which seemed to accumulate faster than they could ever be handled.

With one of his flashes of sales inspiration, Andrew Carnegie named the new wonder-working plant the Edgar Thomson, in honor of the veteran president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Soon Captain Bill was rolling more rails in one day than any other mill was producing in one week.

In 1876, its first full year of operation, the Edgar Thomson earned a net profit of more than \$181,000. In New York, Andrew Carnegie heard the news with jubila-

tion. "Who said there was a panic? Where was there ever such a business before?" he demanded.

That same question was asked by a young clerk in Spiegelmirer's General Store at Braddock, who was sweeping the walk before the store when he heard the news of the first annual report.

As he looked up he saw the stocky figure of Captain Bill approaching on his way to the mills. He had been caught short of chewing tobacco.

In a sudden burst of boldness the youngster asked, "I say, Captain Bill, what are the chances for a job?"

Captain Bill looked him over critically. He had always liked the young fellow.

"Report Monday morning," he told him. "A dollar a day driving stakes!"

The young clerk's name was Charles Michael Schwab. In less than twenty years he was to receive an income of one million dollars a year from Carnegie.

The frenzied incredible age of American Steel was at hand.

Never did an emperor rule more absolutely than Captain Bill Jones at the old Edgar Thomson. He was making steel faster than the world had ever known before from two raw materials—iron and human nature.

In 1877 the new plant earned more than \$190,000. "We'll make two hundred and fifty thousand next year!" predicted Carnegie. And he was right.

While every one in the industry was gasping, Captain Bill took a fresh grip and doubled his output. In one day he poured out from his converters 623 tons—more than \$30,000 worth of steel.

ONE day Captain Bill appeared with a huge broom which he announced would be the property of the furnace crew making the best day's record, and which could be held by that crew until its record was beaten. Only a broom, but it added hundreds of tons to the output of the Edgar Thomson, and in the course of a year that broom must have changed hands fifty times.

In the single month of November, 1878, the profits from the Edgar Thomson were \$52,000. The next year the plant earned \$401,000. The capital had been increased to \$1,250,000—and the earnings, therefore, represented more than 30 per cent clear profit.

By 1880 the Carnegie mill was making one seventh of all the Bessemer steel produced in the United States.

Because of enormous railroad construction, rails had soared to eighty-five dollars a ton, and Captain Bill and his men, working night and day, were rolling 10,000 tons a month. In eight months the mill cleared more than its original cost.

Profits on rails alone were sometimes more than \$10,000 a day. In one year the partners took a profit of more than \$2,000,000 from the furnaces and iron mill.

It is safe to say that Andrew Car-

negie invested less money and gave less time to his business and made more money out of it than any other self-made millionaire in the world. In six years his quarter of a million had become nearly three millions.

As for Bill Jones, the man behind the profits, he cared little for the shower of millions. They meant no more to him than the racing stakes to a Kentucky thoroughbred. What he loved was the race.

He was making good. He was beating Jack Fry and Bob Hunt and Dan Jones, his old-time Johnstown chums, who were now managing rival steel plants. He was smashing down the idea that the steel trade of the world belonged to England.

"IT is only the beginning!" declared Carnegie. "A profit of one hundred and forty per cent—and more to come!" And he urged his associates at the Edgar Thomson to greater and greater efforts.

On one such occasion Captain Bill sent his tobacco quid into the nearest corner as he burst out, "Andy was born with two sets of teeth and holes bored for more!"

And Captain Bill had reason for his cynicism. He had perfected—as a part of the day's job, without a thought of royalties—one of the greatest inventions in the steel industry, known as the "Jones mixer."

This was a master iron box, brick-lined, capable of holding half a million pounds of molten metal. Into it was

poured the melted iron from different furnaces so it could be mixed and made uniform in quality. A train of small iron cars, or ladles, steamed up alongside the mixer, each ladle full of sparkling splashing metal.

The mixer was lower than the track, and the cars, one by one, were tipped over so they spilled their loads into its wide mouth. Then it was rocked to and fro like the cradle of a sun god until its contents were thoroughly homogeneous when they were sent on their turbulent way to the converter.

The Jones mixer is still used in every steel plant today. Without it the manufacture of steel, as we know it, would be impossible.

Not only one but a dozen of Captain Bill's inventions would have made him a fortune—had he maintained an eye on the profits.

He had a knowledge of machinery that could be compared to his knowledge of men.

On one occasion he was passing a coil of hose in the yard which showed signs of wear. "Why can't we armor-plate that hose?" he snapped to a foreman. "Get some stout wire and wrap it around the rubber. It will last twice as long!"

That suggestion has since been universally adopted—but no one else had ever thought of it.

Captain Bill had scant patience with what he classed as "book theories." But one day he received a shock.

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the Pennsylvania Railroad it was specified that the shipment must be of a certain chemical composition.

The plant had never had an order like it before, and for one of the few times in his life Captain Bill was bowled over. Such names as carbon and manganese were completely outside of his experience.

In this dilemma he took the order to one of his young assistant engineers who had worked his way up from stake driver and had won his personal favor by giving his daughters piano lessons in the evenings.

It was Charley Schwab, whom he had hired from Spiegelmirer's General Store and who seemed to be born with the ability to get ahead. With his promotion he had married Emma Dinkey, the daughter of the man who was to become noted as the first steel-mill chemist in the United States.

After hours Charley had worked with his father-in-law to learn the chemistry of steel in a home-made kitchen laboratory in the little Schwab cottage.

Now he said to Captain Bill, "This is easy," and he explained the order which had baffled his superior.

Captain Bill looked at him with a reluctant wonder, and exploded:

"Charley, this damn' chemistry is going to wreck the steel business yet!"

The incident is important not only in explaining Captain Bill but in understanding Schwab's rise. A short time later Captain Bill introduced young Schwab to Carnegie with the prophetic words, "This youngster knows more about the plant than I do!"

Captain Bill could understand making steel with ore and men. The mysteries of the laboratory were something he never tried to understand.

But it remained for him to send to England the most important industrial document Britain has probably ever received from this country.

At that time England deemed her steel industry as impregnable as her navy. When the story of the unknown Pennsylvania Welshman who was making 500 tons of steel a day reached the English newspapers it sounded like a fairy tale.

"Preposterous!" said the steel men of Sheffield and Newcastle, and agents were ordered to investigate, who sent back strange reports of a person by the name of Jones who looked and talked like a backwoodsman but who had learned to make steel with the speed of a cyclone.

Captain Bill was asked if it were possible to have a report prepared of what he was doing, to be read before the British Iron and Steel Institute.

It was thought that he would call in somebody with an advanced education to write it for him. But when Andrew Carnegie offered to obtain for him any assistance he wanted to prepare the document, Captain Bill answered grimly he would write it himself.

And he did—at nights, slowly and painstakingly, for his hands were more used to handling a crowbar than a pen. But when he was finished, those who read his report saw to their amazement that he had prepared a paper which for conciseness and purity of diction and the logic of its construction might have done credit to that other great self-educated character of United States history—Abraham Lincoln.

THE report was read by the secretary of the British Iron and Steel Institute, and at its conclusion the president rose to his feet. "Of course, when this man speaks of producing five hundred tons of steel in a day he means a net ton of two thousand pounds."

"On the contrary," answered the secretary, "he particularly specifies a gross ton of twenty-two hundred and forty pounds. And since the receipt of his report I have a letter from him stating his mill has beaten its previous records by thirty-three tons a week."

Another member rose to his feet as he declared, "Working with such reckless haste, his steel must be of an inferior quality, and very variable." Again the secretary referred to his notes. "Captain Jones states his product does not vary one degree in its quality—which is equal to, if not superior, to ours."

Sir Henry Bessemer, who was present, refused to make a comment. There was none to make.

When at the zenith of his career Andrew Carnegie was made the president of the British Iron and Steel Institute—the first American citizen to receive this honor—he looked up with tears in his eyes. "They give me ten times more credit than I deserve." The wistful smile came into his face which was there so often in his later years. "They might have a different story to tell if Captain Bill had not been with me!"

While Captain Bill would refer to Carnegie as "a little wasp buzzing around to stir up everybody," it was in a spirit of genuine affection.

One day Carnegie was preparing to leave for Europe.

It was in the summer and it had been a season of unusually sultry weather. In the mill the temperature was almost unbearable. Carnegie glanced around him with a sigh as he said, "I hate to leave you, Captain Bill, in all of this heat, but you have no idea what a relief it will be to me when I am on the steamer and out of sight of land!"

"No, Andy," answered Captain Bill promptly; "and you have no idea what a relief it will be to me, either!"

It was in 1889 when the black day that the furnace "bridged" was recorded at the Edgar Thomson.

The furnace had been going bad for several days, and suddenly its metal, instead of following its natural outlet, piled up in a great white-hot mass, pounding against the walls—just as a raft of logs will sometimes jam in a narrow channel of a river.

Unless the "bridge" could be broken a much worse situation might follow, and a squad of men volunteered at once for the hazardous duty of dislodging the fiery obstruction. Of course Captain Bill was at their head. He would never allow his men to face a danger unless he was the first in line.

FIGHTING for a foothold at the edge of the furnace, and choked by the acid fumes—so severe it was possible to work for only a moment or two at a time—the crew were pushing their assault on the "bridge" when without warning it collapsed with such impetus that the torrent of sizzling metal broke through the outer walls.

Directly on to the heads and shoulders of the two foremost men the molten stream poured itself. Staggering with agony, both fell back over the edge of the furnace and into a pit of rail cars.

One of them, a Hungarian workman, mercifully enough died almost at once. They picked the other up unconscious—but still living. He was Captain Bill.

For twenty-four hours his great spirit battled for life, although he never recovered consciousness.

The five thousand men at the Edgar Thomson surged about the hospital where he lay, in a frantic mob, and were joined by hundreds of women and children from Braddock. Recovery, of course, was out of the question, and there were few who would have wished his eyes to open again to the torture that would have been certain.

Carnegie, looking down upon his bandaged body, sobbed like a child.

When they carried Captain Bill to his grave, ten thousand men marched with bowed heads behind him. That was the tribute they paid to Bill Jones, and it was a tribute that all of the millions could not have bought for him.

When I asked Charles M. Schwab for the most fitting eulogy of Captain Bill, this is what he said:

"We are making steel today in ways that would be strange to you, Captain Bill; but could you see our present plant at Bethlehem, for instance, you would recognize your own handiwork there wherever you might turn. Your basic inventions which revolutionized the manufacture of steel at the old Edgar Thomson, when you were superintendent and I was your youngest engineer, are still being used in every steel plant in the world, and in nearly fifty years no man has been able to improve them."

"The day's job has long since been done for you. And perhaps you have come to learn the futility of human glory. The boy whom you used to know is looking back now from the maturity of age, with much of the hero worship of youth gone, and I can say with increasing sincerity that the most precious memory of my life is that I worked for Bill Jones—and he was my friend."

THE END

JUNGLE JOYS and JOURNALISM

Messrs. Weissmuller and Tracy Zestfully Resume Some Familiar Adventures—Two of the De Milles Interestingly Maintain the Family Prestige

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.

3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ TARZAN AND HIS MATE

THE PLAYERS: Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, Neil Hamilton, Paul Cavanaugh, Forrester Harvey, William Stack, Desmond Roberts, Nathan Curry. Directed by Cedric Gibbons.

THE last shot of the first Tarzan picture a year or so ago, showing Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan disappearing together on the top of a threadbare elephant, seemed to this department somewhat alarming. From time to time we have found ourselves wondering how the two of them were getting along—whether they were married yet, and what effect a diet of nuts and berries had had upon Maureen O'Sullivan. It now appears that any fears we entertained were groundless. Tarzan and His Mate shows them at home among their elephants and monkeys, dressed appropriately in almost nothing, and leading an ideal life among the shrubbery.

Tarzan spends his time impersonating the man on the flying trapeze. His companion has learned adagio dancing and can now do Routine No. 2, which consists of a swan dive with a half twist from a low branch into the arms of her partner. They have found a swimming hole near home, fully equipped with leopards, crocodiles, and

pythons to give Tarzan exercise before he takes his bath. Just where or how Tarzan and his mate got married, and which one of Tarzan's monkeys officiated at the ceremony, is a point for Will Hays, not this department, to investigate. In any case, they have been living together for upward of a year, and Tarzan has picked up two or three more words of English by the time the picture opens.

The main difference between Tarzan and Tarzan and His Mate seems to be the quantity of bloodshed in the latter. It starts off gently enough with a few shots of

Mme. Tarzan's old boy friend, Neil Hamilton, organizing a safari to recover the ivory from the gutter of dead elephants. By the time

the safari is out of sight of its home village half a dozen natives have been stabbed and the white leaders of a rival expedition are corpses hanging up to dry feet first in the underbrush.

When Tarzan's yodels are first heard there have already been two wars—one between Hamilton's safari and the local cannibals, and one between the safari and Tarzan's monkeys on the edge of a precipice. The magnified soccer game between a herd of elephants and a school of lions with which the picture reaches its climax is one of the most frankly and elaborately sadistic scraps of entertainment which has been offered to the public since the Christian martyrs stopped playing short stands in the Colosseum.

by BEVERLY HILLS



Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller in the latest jungle-romance film, Tarzan and His Mate.



I'll Tell the World is another newspaper picture. Lee Tracy's the reporter. With him is Gloria Stuart.

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All things considered, Tarzan is one of the phoniest and one of the most entertaining pictures which have emerged from Hollywood in the last two years.

Cedric Gibbons' direction—he trained for his dealings with animals and ape-men by designing M.-G.-M. sets for the last ten years—is practically perfect. He avoided the mistake of trying to teach Weissmuller how to act.

The result is that Weissmuller's performance is exactly what Tarzan requires. When it comes time to distribute bouquets for the shots that have amazed us most during the current season we hope to remember the one of Weissmuller registering alarm when he hears a victrola playing jazz.

★★★ I'LL TELL THE WORLD

THE PLAYERS: Lee Tracy, Gloria Stuart, Roger Pryor, Onslow Stevens, Alec Francis, Lawrence Grant. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.

THERE have come to be, in general, two kinds of newspaper pictures: those in which Lee Tracy is Lee Tracy, and those in which some one else tries to be Lee Tracy and succeeds in being unintelligible. The first type is more numerous and more satisfactory.

I'll Tell the World is a good example of it.

If you need any further information on the picture, it starts with a dirigible wreck in the north of Canada, an assignment which Tracy covers in his evening clothes. It proceeds with amazing rapidity into a combination of political intrigue and romance along the border lines of central Europe.

Tracy outthinks, outtalks, and outmaneuvers a prime minister, a rival reporter, an assortment of Balkan noblemen, and his sweetheart, who, it is telling no secrets to reveal, turns out to be heir apparent to the throne of whatever country all this happens in.

There are very few times when it is possible to believe in I'll Tell the World, but it is a brisk well written comedy which deserves to be seen, if only for the shot of Tracy trying to climb out of a jail window by balancing on a barrel.

★★★ FAMOUS SCENES FROM PAGLIACCI

THE PLAYERS: Henry Hull, Dan Gridley, Rose Tentone, Ralph Magelssen, James Montgomery, Frank Chapman, Leonard Penn, and Lena Miramova. Directed by William C. de Mille.

THE value of this two-reel picture—for which John Erskine translated the libretto—lies in the fact that it is an experiment which may eventually prove highly influential in the technique of combining music and moving pictures. The idea, as explained by De Mille, is as follows: "... to get as far away as possible from the traditional conventions of the opera house, and also to translate the opera as far as possible

into true motion picture rather than a mere photograph of a stage performance. The singing is done by singers and the acting by actors. We do not desire to create the impression that the character visible to the audience is actually singing, but rather to create the illusion that the visible character is feeling and expressing what the audience hears."

In the opinion of this department, the experiment is, essentially, a failure; but it is a brilliantly conceived and an artfully executed innovation and one which you will want to see. The picture shows first Henry Hull in the *Vesti la giubba* aria, which Dan Gridley sings; then, and more successfully, the scene which occurs at the beginning of Act II in the opera, in which a crowd assembles for the performance of the street players. It would interest this department to see the same method used in a production which lacked the faintly phony air inevitably connected with efforts to persuade movie audiences a taste for grand opera is one they should cultivate.

★½ THE TRUMPET BLOWS

THE PLAYERS: George Raft, Adolphe Menjou, Frances Drake, Sidney Toler, Edward Ellis, Nydia Westman, Katherine De Mille. Directed by Stephen Roberts.

A FEW good scenes of Mexican bullfights, an expert performance by Adolphe Menjou and a pretty girl named Katherine De Mille—daughter of Cecil B. De Mille and niece of the director of *Pagliacci*—are all this department can discover to praise about *The Trumpet Blows*. The story—about a retired Mexican bandit (Menjou), his younger brother (Raft) who wants to be a bullfighter, and their simultaneous affection for a dancer (Frances Drake) who loves Raft—is badly invented and unconvincing.

Raft's performance, in the manner of a road-company Valentino, is earnest but incompetent.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Viva Villa, The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol, Little Women.

★★★—20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love.

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AVOIDING THE MOTHER, THE SPOTTED ONE SWUNG ABOUT WITH ONE OF THE PIGLINGS DANGLING FROM HIS JAWS.

The Thing

The Story of a Fighting Heart and a Soldier's Grim Lesson in War

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

BLACKIE led the litter in its mad scramble through the bamboo thickets, his snout never more than a foot behind the bottle-brush tuft of his mother's tail. Behind, strung out in accordance with their nimbleness and strength, raced his nine brothers and sisters, pushing, panting, snorting, stumbling, every small pigling intent on gaining a coveted position at his mother's side.

From the first day of his existence Blackie had been stronger than the rest, braver, swifter, and keener. His speed and strength were fairly natural, for in every litter of Indian wild pigs there is a stronger, nimbler individual; but his inordinate nerve and brain development were all his own. Quite automatically in his first week of life he had taken his place as the moving spirit of the squealing, snuffing gang of sucklings.

With nothing but instinct to guide him, he seemed to know just what to do in a crisis. And danger of one kind

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT





Death Cannot Kill

or another was never far from the family in that remote stretch of the Indus River bush.

This day hunters had passed close to the covert where the family had been sleeping through the afternoon heat, and the old sow, scarred and wary veteran of many a cruel pigsticking, feared an ambush. With a grunted signal to her litter, too low for human ears to catch, she had slipped away through the thickets with a silence remarkable in so ungainly a bulk, and her ten sucklings—they were only eight days old, but as nimble as if they were eight weeks—kept the pace. All of them were still unaware of what threatened, yet the habit of blind unquestioning obedience swung them as close in her wake as the

tail of a comet. The old sow led the way to a deep lily-bordered pool in the depths of the jungle.

For half an hour there were subdued gruntings by the pool margin, as the old red sow grubbed for roots while her unlovely brood fought at her udders or wallowed in the scummy water of the pool's edge, squeaking in contentment as they dragged up roots from the muddy bottom and gulped them down with champing jaws.

Somewhere in the distance a bull rhinoceros snorted like a laboring steam engine. At intervals in the green gloom a bulbul played on his silver flute. The old sow went on rooting, quite preoccupied, as most pigs are when

by **P A U L A N N I X T E R**

VICTOR OF A SCORE OF GRIM BATTLES, BLACKIE GAVE TRAIL TO NO BEAST BUT THE ELEPHANT.



the big Indian leopard that crouched there, his yellow coat foiled by jet spots, so camouflaged that it seemed a part of the flickering light and shade.

Not until he had moved out into the open was the old sow aware of him, for beyond twenty or thirty feet her eyesight rated about C minus.

Instantly she wheeled to face the foe, her sharp grunt of warning driving the litter into deeper water. Swift as a streak of blown flame the leopard covered the intervening space. Avoiding the charging mother by a fraction of an inch, he hurled himself at the retreating litter. There was a squealing like all the pigpens in a city stockyard. The spotted one swung about with one of the piglings dangling from his jaws. But in that moment the old sow was on him.

A terrible apparition she was in the iris of yellow sunlight that telescoped through the trees, champing, ramping, red-eyed, and foam-flecked. The leopard, meeting those hell-pitted eyes,

feeding, and seemingly quite off guard. Yet there was never a moment that she did not keep to leeward of the suckers as they shifted about in their wallowing. Also her ears were cocked at hair trigger, and her little eyes, set startlingly in two sags of her long raking snout, rolled and flickered as they looked everywhere and nowhere—though you'd have had to look sharply to see this.

There were only a few killers hardy enough to tamper on occasion with the three hundred pounds of death and dynamite that is back of a wild sow protecting her brood. One of the grimmest of all of these was prowling in the vicinity of the pool that afternoon and, scenting suckling pig on the warm air, was approaching the family upwind. The first sign of his coming—manifestation would be the better word—was when a patch of yellow light and shadow, one of many such sifting through the foliage, moved a bit more steadily and spookily than any of the others, and came to rest again fifteen feet from the pool. Even then one would have had to peer keenly to make out

dropped the suckling with a grating sawlike snarl of battle, but not quite quick enough to counter. The red sow smashed fair into him, overran him, and her white tushes, slashing downward, caught him in the shoulder, ripping like razors through pelt and flesh to the bone.

Throated, spouting blood in a stream, the dropped pigling rushed about in a crazy circle, then fell upon its side, dead. The leopard should have fled now for his very life's sake, but he was wounded—and never a leopard was wounded but it turned and fought to the death. Hissing, snarling, utterly bereft of reason, he hurled himself upon the red sow, fixing like a vise upon her shoulders with four sets of claws and all his quadruple dental armature. It was just what the old sow wanted, however; she loved the close-fought fight. She got him somehow under her, trampled him, and despite his terrible roweling claws, which ripped like revolving saws, she literally disemboweled him with hoofs and gouging tushes, while Blackie and the other eight squeakers drew up in the

shallow water and stood stuffily facing the fracas.

As darkness fell that evening the entire family fed slowly and methodically after the custom of their kind on the flesh of their hereditary foe.

At the end of four months, despite their violent protests, Blackie and the rest of the brood were completely weaned. They entered now a period of quick forced growth, as do all young things in the tropics—days doubly dangerous and trying, for the inordinate appetites of the litter kept them ever restless, noisy, and on the pry for food. Nature had blessed them with the most flexible of all bills of fare. Almost any jungle growth—root, nut, leaf, and branch—was edible to them, and they welcomed meat on occasion with equal relish. In the next few months they took to flesh-eating with a voracity that rivaled that of the blood drinkers themselves.

From the first the youngsters had a predilection for the flesh of serpents, but another of their number was to die before they learned that some snakes were not on their menu. Came a fierce malignant hissing in the bamboo one day as the band moved down to the river for water. A twelve-foot gray-black serpent flashed across the trail like a loop of water shot from a sluggish hose. The old sow rushed forward champing, sweeping her little ones aside with tossing head—all, that is, but one who had flung himself ravenously upon the back of the serpent as he had learned to do upon the harmless green tree snakes.

THIS monster, however, was a king cobra, the deadliest serpent in the world. A galvanic lashing of the reptile's steel-strong body sent the little porker rolling into the brush. Before he had even righted himself the snake's head had lashed him like a living whip and its fatal fangs had found him. The pigling lay where it fell, kicking in its death throes, while the cobra reared four feet in air to face the enraged mother.

Without hesitation the red sow had plunged forward, trampling the writhing length of the serpent into the loam. Twice, three times, quick as light itself, the cobra's head flashed forward and downward, emptying its hollow-hinged fangs of their venom into the body of its assailant. But the sow had learned through experience that her tough hide, which was of the football variety, and the three-inch layer of fat beneath that cased her nerves and blood vessels, made her immune to the sting of any of the poison people. For even the venom of the king cobra must contact a nerve end before it can work the death of a victim.

Despite its terrific lashings, therefore, the red mother pinned the serpent down with her sharp hoofs, and her jaws closed inexorably upon its spine, exacting the penalty. Then, while the sow moved over to nuzzle her dead little one, the remainder of the litter tore the tough skin from the

slain snake and fell to feasting upon the white firm meat beneath.

By the time Blackie was a year old the relation between mother and family had become lax and desultory; the old sow showed more and more tendency to wander away by herself. Each of the litter being able to shift for himself by now, Blackie and his brothers and sisters soon split up and went their separate ways.

NOW, as in the days when he was a tiny sucker, Blackie showed himself to be different from his kind. It was as if he knew himself to be the only black pig in the region, and shunned or was shunned by his red and spotted brethren accordingly. He ran alone all of the year that followed, but he fared well and had no needs that were not answered. Fear, the portion of most of the young of the jungle, had little or no part in his life; as for nerves, he hadn't any. It seemed to most as if he hadn't any joy in life either, for he shared his pleasures with none.

He had no urge to mix with the other young unmated boars who roved in swashbuckling gangs through the forest. Instead, he fought these off with grim ferocity from his favorite beats and runways. Doubtless he was branded a queer one by the jungle folk, as he would have been were he a human, but it bothered him not at all.

Dim sex urges rose in Blackie in his second year. The sense of his

heritage surged in his heart, but his solitary instincts were still the stronger. A splendid specimen he was now, almost as massive as the mature boars who sometimes came barging through his domain, ugly as the grimmest warrior among them. His great head was long as that of a horse, neck and shoulders grotesquely massive in comparison to the low piggy haunches.

A morose temper burned in him now, his eyes shone ever with a reddish light, and he fought everything that crossed his path. But that was only the normal healthy state of a young wild boar. Two or three times when mobs of sows led by old boars passed his way, Blackie had charged in among them in a mating frenzy and been ripped and tossed for his pains, but he had never deigned to follow them far.

One day he came face to face with a solitary old boar who had chosen a beat near Blackie's own. He traded Blackie a long hard stare out of wicked gleaming little eyes. At the end of it the younger boar circled away, cowed and somewhat abashed, contenting himself with examining the other from a distance and sniffing his tracks. He felt his youth mightily, but he was drawn to the grizzled old freebooter as no sow or thought of a sow had ever drawn him. Here was one of his own kind, he felt. He wanted to seek the old boar out and gang up with him; to learn his ways.

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Each day Blackie watched him from a decent distance as he made his habitual rounds. He learned from the other how to back into a dense thorn thicket, turn around once, and beat down an impenetrable lair for himself in its center. He learned how to eat ants, whole cavalcades of them, as a condiment after meals. He found out, too, how the other kept fresh meat on his bill of fare, always a problem to Blackie. The young boar had been in the habit of chasing everything he saw, in the hope of running down a meal of meat; but everything was swifter than he—the only meat he got was snakes and lizards. The old one let professional killers be his butchers. He would lie in some favorite covert until the sound of a near-by kill reached him, then barge forth and commandeer the banquet for himself. Once or twice the slayer had stayed to argue the point, and the old boar had had a double feast—killed and killer both.

Once a bumptious and arrogant old boar with a mob of sows at his heels passed through the domain of the two recluses. Blackie charged them out of habit, voicing the treble challenge of a two-year-old. The mob master turned to accommodate him according to the etiquette of battle. Like a whirlwind Blackie hurled himself forward, champing and thrusting, but the superior weight and strength of the other beast submerged him like a falling cliff. He was ripped and tossed aside, a terrible red weal appearing on his neck and shoulder. He came in again with indomitable fury, but the stranger overran him. He might have been ripped to death had it not been for the old boar, his neighbor.

Like an avalanche in motion he came ripping through the thickets and fell upon the foe. Followed a short but terrible battle. Almost as quickly as Blackie had been downed, his neighbor polished off the stranger boar. Blackie saw him weaken, give ground. Another moment and he was fleeing for life, the old hermit trampling his heels and gashing him unmercifully astern.

The crowd of sows broke and rushed scatterbrained through the bush. The old one would have none of them. Neither would Blackie. Raging and ramping with strings of froth at his jaws, the old one chivvied them and their flaunted sex appeal out of that hallowed district. Truly they were of a piece, he and Blackie, haunch, paunch, and jowl.

One might have thought this would have solidified their relations. Not so. The old one never softened. It is possible that he watched the younger beast a bit more closely and appraisingly now out of his blazing inscrutable eyes, but he would not clan. And Blackie grew more diffident than ever. He had cut a poor figure in his battle with the stranger boar. The old one had shown him up, and he longed ardently to be a proper boar among old and proper boars and make good with the grim old paladin.

But that time was approaching faster than he knew. He was learning his lessons fast, gleaning jungle wisdom from within as well as without, as though he had always known, while his growth continued inordinately. His blue-black bulk would soon equal that of the mightiest boars of the region.

THEN spring came again to the jungle—Blackie's third year. His peace became broken by a gnawing restlessness for he knew not what. All at once there seemed something terribly lacking in the somnolent life of his hermitage. Stray winds came to him laden with calls to life and adventure, often stopping him in the midst of feeding, drawing him off on an aimless roaming expedition.

The old one was likewise affected. One day a madness seemed to take him. Blackie saw him charging away toward the distant river. He did not return, and a few days later Blackie also left his old run to seek the mate which the urge of sex demanded. Literally fuming with the sullen temper and belligerence which had become his normal state of mind, he drove pelting along the river trails to take up the battle of life for life. He came upon a sambur hind that had been wounded by hunters and lay

fevered in a thicket. He fell upon her ravenously and attended to her obsequies then and there, remaining thereabout half a day to feast upon the fresh meat. An old sow with a litter at her heels tried to join him. She would have followed gladly at his heels, but Blackie would have none of her, and drove her off. He was choosy and such as she were all too easy of conquest.

He sought a mate in the prime of youth and strength; or better still, a number of such. He chose to lead his own band of sows and suckers in his own chosen beat, with private pools and water rights, and as the quick tropic dusk descended that night he went rolling on his way to accomplish that end. Great moths swooping through the dark spat against his sides as he went.

The gray langurs called and sputtered softly from the tree tops.



PAUL ANNIXTER began life in Minnesota, earned his schooling by carrying papers and hopping bells, and then embarked on three years of vagabonding. The color and drama he encountered set him to writing, and he has been hard at it since he sold his first story in 1916. Animals are oftenest his heroes.

AS the moon rose Blackie heard distant sounds of conflict. He pounded in the direction of the sounds and came upon an open glade in the jungle—one of those places where the wild pigs gather in spring while the boars fight for their chosen mates. All his bristles erect, his eyes like coals, Blackie rushed out of the bush ripping forth a hoarse grunting challenge. One of the battlers in the glade had just been driven bleeding into the jungle. Never a thought in Blackie's head of biding his time and polishing off the contestants after they had been thinned out by defeat and exhaustion. He hurled himself at the huge red victor before any other boar could take up the fight.

They met with a shock that in sheer foot pounds would have seemed incredible, and strove in the terrible fashion of their kind to maim, trample, and disembowel one another. There was a cold calculating intensity to their fury; nothing of the mindless madness of the carnivores. Sharpened hoofs pounded and cut, yellowed tusks whetted to rapier points ripped and thrust. For all their weight and bulk the fighters were nimble as dancers on their stiff short legs. Disdaining all guard, giving no quarter, and resorting to no science or evasion, the battle was necessarily as short as it was horrible. The fortune of the day was with Blackie. Inside of five minutes the other boar was giving ground. He fell beneath a devastating broadside charge, and, gouging up clots of earth with his sharp hoofs, fled without shame.

Blown and bloody, Blackie turned to find the two other contestants raging to get at him. One of them, an old and weathered tusker, charged him forthright. Winded, wounded, and outclassed as to weight, Blackie was accepting grim odds, but he bit the bullet and another ruthless struggle began. It was the indomitable rage and fighting fire of the young black boar, the like of which was a rare thing even in boar warfare, that balanced the sheet. Blackie had held off from life too long to be cowed or downed. Once fired by the madness of battle he had but one purpose—the annihilation of his antagonists, in comparison to which he valued his life no more than the leaves underfoot.

More than twenty minutes that battle lasted, which was almost incredible considering its bloody intensity. The punishment wrought was terrible as the pair charged and countercharged, squealing in berserk rage, their hate-charged eyes gleaming like rubies in the moonlight. Slow as pachyderms they were as they drew heavily off; then a walk, a trot, a dancing devilish staglike series of jumps brought them together again with a wild bone-splintering crash. Long crimson furrows were plowed on the sides and shoulders of each, their jaws dripped blood and foam. A triangular flap of skin was torn loose on Blackie's shoulder, a mass of quivering flesh adhering to it, but so great was his fury he seemed not to know it. The gang of sows, more than twenty in number, formed a living wall like an arena around the fighters.

The minutes wore on. Blackie was close to collapse, and it seemed that the older boar must surely override him in a few more moments. Then, as they clashed for a final time, the unlooked-for happened. As the older beast came in, his head was held a bit too high, possibly because

of the half obscurity of the moonlight. Blackie caught him fairly beneath the snout, his tusches driving home to the other's breast. Instinct told Blackie his moment had come; he put every ounce he had into it. The neck of the other boar buckled to one side and his battle-torn front rose skyward with an agonized lurch, the bloody head and foam-plastered jaws like a grim banner above the swirl of battle. Blackie crushed on and under, toppling his opponent like a pedestal to earth, tusks deep-buried in his vitals. And there the battle ended.

The remaining boar, a younger beast, had decamped meantime with some of the sows. Blackie made no attempt to follow him. The mob that remained to him was highly satisfactory to a boar of his youth and inexperience. He led them toward the distant river and came to a region perfectly suited to his needs. His wounds, though grievous, healed quickly, the battle scars remaining as marks of honor.

IN the next two years Blackie achieved a name for himself, even in that region teeming with wild boars, through his great size, craft, and prowess. No greater or more formidable specimen of boar had been known along the Indus for fully a decade. Leaner for his bulk he was now, almost as long as a pony, hideous bone rack in the malign downward curve of his vast shoulders to low piggy haunches. On either side of his grim jowls his sharp fighting tusks rose in a ten-inch curve. His color was a deep blue-black, his thick coat of woolly hair sprinkled with stiff black bristles, along the mane as thick at their bases as telephone wire. Uncouth, ferocious, and ugly he was to a degree that put him beyond the decent regard of man; yet sterling qualities he had that no sportsman could overlook. True as nickel steel he was to code and kind; the bravest beast in all the jungle, barring none; highest of all in tenacious vitality; and only the elephant exceeded him in wisdom.

Through the summer months thirty-odd sows and suckers now ran at his heels. He had become one of the real lords of the jungle. It was a grim life, ruthless beyond imagination. A life of savagery and strife in which no quarter was asked or given. *Væ victis*—woe to the conquered therein.

Victor of a score of grim battles, Blackie gave trail to no beast but the elephant. He and his followers moved like a scourge through the river bush, feared and hated by all. Even the tiger and the dread hunting dogs of India had been driven ignominiously before the band.

Each winter Blackie had a return of his original hermit instinct. Fat and satiated with rich living, he would leave the mob and wander away to spend a month or two in complete seclusion, from which he would not return until hot fragrant breezes once more set the jungle trails apatter with many feet scurrying on the errands of spring.

In his fifth year Blackie led his band far southward along a bend of the Indus. It was there that he encountered a new enemy whose ruthless rapacity outmatched even his own—one which he was to battle to the day of his death. British cavalry officers from the near-by town of Conapur banded together weekly in that vicinity for the cruel sport of pig-sticking, and from the day Blackie was first sighted he was coveted by every man as a supreme prize. His great size and his coloring set him apart, and as the months went on the record of his prowess added to the zest of the hunters. Wagers were laid at headquarters as to who would be lucky enough to bring him in.

An officer named Hikman, one of the four regimental cracks, swore he would get the boar and backed his oath with a deal of cash, which meant something, for Hikman was a fire-brand, a master horseman, and a hunter of renown. He had shot tigers and leopards everywhere, from Nilgiris to Nepal. Indeed, it might be said he lived for little else than the hunt. From his first sight of the black boar he had been fired with a passion to have that grim head as a trophy.

All that season, however, Blackie ran free. His luck had not deserted him and his craft had grown apace. He passed unscathed through five pigsticking affairs, killing one horse and wounding its rider. Nothing could have been more perfectly designed to hold him in that region than this persecution by hunters, for strife was his keynote in life.

In the winter he disappeared again as was his wont. When next he appeared the zeal of the lancers had waned somewhat. Hikman, however, was ready for him. He hired a shikari and a score of native beaters—more men than had ever turned out for anything save a tiger shoot. Only his orderly rode with Hikman on this beat, for he wished to bring in the boar alone.

FOR three days continuously the hunt lasted. Time after time the beaters, tapping their slow inexorable way through the *baghs* of the river bush, roused the quarry to fight, but always Blackie outwitted them, circling to some secret lair in the dense brake. A band of more than thirty ran at his back this season, including fully a dozen squeakers, each bearing the blue-black badge of its sire. Once or twice when Blackie's band mingled in flight with the swarm of another old boar, the plain was black with pig.

Not until the second day did Blackie realize that the one outcome to this hunt was death or flight. He might have broken cover and slipped away by night, but his truculence knew no bounds. He would rather fight than flee. The other great boar who shared his district left under cover of darkness with his band, but Blackie lay watching the distant fires of the hunters from his lair. He sensed finalities but knew no trepidation.

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By mid-forenoon next day the hunters had gained strategic positions. All runways were cut off. Men began closing in from all sides. Infuriated, Blackie broke cover.

The beaters who were not mounted broke before him, and his band swept forth across the maidan, making for a dense run half a mile away. A horseman thundered up at a tangent.

The flash of a lance in the sunlight, but Blackie was not on it. A pivoting side charge quicker than eye could follow carried him under the descending point and in at the horse's belly. The vast black head seemed on a swivel as he lunged beneath, bringing his right tusk into play. A horse's scream, and the rider, Hikman's orderly, catapulted over the head of his sprawling mount.

Blackie stumbled to his knees, ripped at the earth that tripped him, and rushed on, separated now from his band.

Another rider was close on his tail. He drew level with the quarry and his lance poised, descended. It glanced from the boar's skull and pierced him back of the shoulder.

A JAR, a terrific scuffle in the dust. Blackie had sped off at right angles, spurting blood, the weapon dragging behind him. He gained a thicket and paused grimly to work himself off the spear. The finish was close, but he would die game.

Before the men had closed in he freed himself, but the crimson tide now spurting from his wound raced with life and death. Again he broke cover in a long rush for the distant rooting ground, the riders tailing him again at a forty-mile clip.

A spear thrust missed. A second one buried itself far back in the boar's vitals.

The end came with a rush. Blackie, bone-still in the center of a dense thorn thicket, his great head thrust forth, each bristle on it distinct, facing the enemy who

sat his mount fifteen feet away. The abrupt silence of that moment was refined and clarified. One could almost see death hovering, waiting to pounce. Blackie was done; the odds all against him; the men already between him and his goal.

But no cry for help; no weakening in that grim visage. "Liberty or death" was his motto. His red redoubtable eyes were cocked, calculating the manner and the moment of his final charge.

Hikman in the saddle looked suddenly ungainly—a bit foolish, as a real man will at such times. He had long connived for this moment; now it was as if the mockery of all such sport came suddenly home to him. With a start he had seen that the quarry was treading its own bowels there in the brush; yet the beast was daunted by not so much as a hair.

Too noble for pity. As he looked into those flaming implacable eyes the man saw what ten years of army life had not yet shown him—a creature with no fear in all its being—and there flashed through him the significance of such courage.

"I give it to you, old man," he said softly.

As if the sound had broken the picture, Blackie charged. A flick of the head, a snort, and he was under the horse.

The animal was standing upright, but Hikman heard its scream. Something smashed into his ribs, unseating him—the butt of his own spear which the boar drove into him as he hurled himself upon it. Then man, horse, and boar were down in a threshing tangle, the orderly spurring in with spear poised.

Blackie strove to reach the man, but his tusks were furrowing the sand.

His last terrific effort before his head fell forward was to climb a few more inches toward his enemy up the spear on which he was spitted.

Hikman left the beaters to bring in the head. He and his orderly were silent on the ride back to town. Behind them black wide-winged watchers were already dropping from the brazen Indian sky.

THE END



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- 1—What is the difference between a nautical and a land mile?
- 2—Who said, "Don't give up the ship"?
- 3—What do the initials S. I. W. mean?
- 4—Which state capital honors the name of the third President of the United States?
- 5—Which is the highest mountain in Europe?
- 6—In astronomy, what is an orbit?
- 7—How many Americans were killed in the World War?
- 8—What is the density of population a square mile of the United States?
- 9—What is the reason *sub rosa* is used to mean "in confidence"?
- 10—Who are the vice presidents of the American Red Cross?
- 11—What is thallium?
- 12—What is grog?
- 13—How did Wall Street in New York get its name?
- 14—What is the name of the ruling family of England?
- 15—The Sorbonne is what?
- 16—What does the term sesquipedalism mean?
- 17—In mechanics, what is a governor?
- 18—Who was Giuseppe Garibaldi?
- 19—What was a turnspit?
- 20—What animal is known as a vixen?

(Answers will be found on page 63)

NOW I know something private about musicians. I know why they are not like ordinary men.

Ferde Grofe, the band leader, tells me he never sings in his bath, and he says he can assure me that very few professional musicians are addicted to the habit of vocalizing while they conduct their morning splash.

This, of course, explains the utter difference between musicians and the rest of masculine mankind.

Mr. Grofe is a good source of information on any subject concerning the music business. He ought to be. He was born in it, brought up in it, and has been active in it since the age of five. He learned to write music before he learned to spell words. His mother taught him piano harmony, his uncle taught him the violin and the alto horn (known to the trade as the *rain catcher*). Way back in 1909 Ferde Grofe composed the Elks Grand Reunion March. His

name is familiar now to every radio listener, song fan, and brass-band enthusiast.

He wooed his wife with music—played the piano to her from 8 P. M. until 5 A. M. Her folks were not displeased when the courting couple married and moved.

I asked Ferdinand Rudolph von Grofe—that's his complete name—what tunes thrill American audiences the most.

"Sousa marches," he said, "and the old popular classics

such as William Tell or Poet and Peasant."

Mr. Grofe is just one more successful man who yearns for a different job. All his life he has wanted to be an organist, but has never had time enough to try.

● I won't vouch for this story. It comes from Hollywood. Will Rogers was introduced to one of the Mdivani princes—one of the *marrying Mdivanis*. "How do you do?" said Prince Mdivani.

"Pleased to meet you," said Will Rogers, "but I won't marry you."

● A woman divorced her husband for another man. There was a daughter by the first marriage. The child

grew up, delicate and sensitive, in her father's care. Recently he died. The girl is now seventeen years old. She has been taken to live with her mother and her mother's second husband.

Can you imagine this girl's emotional distress?

She loved her father dearly. Loyalty to him is the strongest impulse in her life. She cannot forgive her mother for deserting him years ago.

But now she finds herself loving her mother in spite of herself. The affection between them is more than filial or parental duty. It is one of those attachments that spring swiftly, naturally, from a genuine accord of the spirit. Moreover, the young girl finds herself inclined toward easy friendship with her stepfather.

Yet she cannot forget that this man was the cause of her own father's unhappiness. Resentment for her father's sake, forgiveness in her secret heart—the conflict of impulses works miserable havoc with her emotions.

Time will take care of her; of that I have no doubt. She will learn, as she matures, that the injustices of life are best healed by new love, not by old hatred.

Our children of divorce have so many hard lessons to learn!

● A woman of culture has been crying on my shoulder because she can't pronounce certain well known words.

"I'm a verbal cripple," she complains. "My tongue always stumbles when I try to say *laboratory* or *quixotic* or *somnambulism*. I know how they ought to go, but I can't make them go the right way. I catch myself saying *labbertory*, *quickzatic*, *sonnambulism*."

I know how she feels. Since childhood I have never been able to pronounce the word *Mediterranean*. It just sticks in my throat like a fishbone.

● Fashion fancies:

Rouge your bare heels when you wear the new evening slippers. They are cut away in back, and you leave off your stockings.

Big buttons of baby leopard are the latest touch for tweed coats.



TO THE LADIES!

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 56 SECONDS



FERDE GROFE



PRINCESS KROPOTKIN

by **PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN**

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

Is CHUCK KLEIN

A Look at the Disturbing Predicament of a \$130,000 Baseball Hero

READING TIME
10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

IT was back in 1927, toward spring, that a rawboned kid with a toothy smile covering embarrassment walked into the offices of the Indianapolis baseball club.

"My name's Klein," he managed to say. "I'm a ball player and I want a tryout with your team."

A Mr. Perry, known to baseball fame as a minor-league mogul of more than average perspicacity, looked at him curiously and asked him what he had said his name was.

"Klein," the visitor repeated. "I hit .475 in the Muncy League last year, and I can hit 'em in your league too."

Now, Mr. Perry wasn't making a great deal of money with his Indianapolis club. Moreover, he had a number of young men on his pay roll at the moment who claimed to be able to hit 'em and some who'd proved it. He couldn't see taking a raw sand-lotter South on a training trip.

"I can't use you, kid," he said; "but I'll send you up to Evansville in the Three-I. If you make good there I'll bring you back in the fall. O. K.?"

That was seven years ago. Last winter the Chicago Cubs, needing an outfielder who could hit a baseball out of the infield now and then, bought this same diffident party for \$130,000. It was the largest piece of money that ever changed hands in the National League.

He had failed to make good in Evansville, and Indianapolis let him get away. The next year he went to Fort Wayne, and from there he graduated to the major leagues via Philadelphia of the National League.

Within two years he was the league's finest hitter, probably the greatest batsman the older loop has seen since Rogers Hornsby's peak.

Granting that Charles Klein has more than the average share of ability, it requires more than mere physical supremacy to cause a magnate to snap the rubber band of a bank roll of \$130,000.

A number of years ago the Chicago American League club, known as the White Sox, had taken first place in the hearts of Chicago fans, weaning away from the old Cubs of the West and North Sides the popularity achieved by Frank Chance and his world-championship teams. Mr. Chance was a bluff hard-bitten man with cold eyes and a fierce beetling brow. A man who would speak a pleasant word to a rival player on or off a baseball field couldn't play for him.

Spurred on by his relentlessness, the Cubs were making money. The White Sox were floundering. So Charles Comiskey, the White Sox owner, went out to buy some ball players and attract patronage. He bought Eddie Collins from Philadelphia and Joe Jackson from Cleveland and every one else of value he could get his hands on. The White Sox came along to crowd the disintegrating Cubs out of the picture, more or less. Chance passed along to new fields and Comiskey was supreme.

Then came the Black Sox scandal. Stars Comiskey had carefully gathered together sold him out in the 1919 World's Series with Cincinnati. The world heard of the mess and turned away from Comiskey Park in droves. The Cubs, leaping at the opportunity, began building a championship team with new vigor.

Finally they won a National League championship for Joe McCarthy. That wrecked the White Sox. When owner Comiskey died, dissension overtook his club's front office. It reigned for two years, but finally order came out of chaos and the stage began to be set for the Wrigley heirs to peel off that \$130,000.

First the White Sox plunged into the minor-league mart. They bought a great many young men who were alleged to be potential big-league stars and paid much money for them. Smead Jolley was a flop. Chalmer Cissell, who cost \$100,000, was a flop. So was Willie Kamm, who cost as much. The White Sox changed tactics.

They went into the market and consummated one of the greatest deals in baseball history. They bought Al Simmons from Connie Mack, paying \$85,000 for him. They acquired also outfielder Haas and third baseman Dykes from Philadelphia. They bought catcher Berry from Boston, and made passes at various other conspicuous young men.

It was the purchase of Simmons, however, that brought the customers back. A Polish youth from Milwaukee, Simmons was a natural in Chicago. He'd been the American League batting champion twice, and he had color. Moreover, he hit when hits meant runs. He was a money player and the fans liked him.

Business at Comiskey Field picked up. The Cubs had a bad year in 1933 and business fell off. Some of the veteran stars faded. They bought the quaint Babe Herman to offset Simmons' drawing power, but Mr. Herman never regained the skill and charm that had made him such a beloved pantaloons in Brooklyn. In Chicago his popularity waned rapidly.

Then it was that the Cub owners went out to buy the best attraction available—Chuck Klein. Not only had he led his league in batting by twenty points in 1933, but he had led in home runs, as he had, save for a year, each season since he joined the Philadelphia club.

What was more, his talents as a hitter exceeded in no wise his capabilities as a fielder and base runner.

Now, it seems that in Philadelphia the baseball moguls are in a chronic state of being caught short financially. Both the Shibes, who own the American League club with Connie Mack,



by **DICK WILLIAMS**

on the Spot?

Chuck Klein and Wrigley Field—his home park, now that he's with the Cubs. How will its deep outfield affect his batting average?

Keystone View photos



and the syndicate operating the Phillies sing a mournful lay to this effect each year.

Thus, when the Cubs dragged out a bank roll like a head of Boston lettuce and waved it under President Jerry Nugent's Grecian nose, Mr. Nugent gasped, closed his eyes, and reached for the papers.

Chuck Klein, kicked downstairs in Indianapolis six years before, had taken the Phillies out of the red.

And the Cubs had their ace in the hole against a customer desertion.

All such deals in baseball are, from the nature of the business, somewhat hazardous. It is not always certain that an expensive investment will pay dividends. Take the case of Simmons himself. The Milwaukee Slav hasn't yet hit in Chicago as he did during the days of his greatest effulgence in Philadelphia, although he still is a very young man.

It is not entirely beyond expectation that Mr. Klein, gifted as he is presumed to be, will be the star in Chicago that he was in Philadelphia. But even the fact that the Cubs tore up his \$15,000 yearly contract turned over to them by the Phillies and hiked the ante pleasantly, if not recklessly, is not sufficient to guarantee the type of merchandise that he will deliver to his new owners.

There are divers reasons for more than a faint suspicion that Mr. Klein will find living up to his brilliant Philadelphia reputation somewhat difficult.

He is a left-handed hitter and wafts a majority of his home runs over the right-field fence. Furthermore, a greater part of his triples, doubles, and one-base hits find their way to right field. It's the natural bent of the left-handed batsman.

Now, in Philadelphia the right-field fence is scarcely more than 260 feet from the home plate. It is a high fence, true enough, with a great wire screen topping it, so that a home run, to be a home run, has to be well belted, but it is a fence none the less.

Granting that few outfielders would catch a great number of Mr. Klein's home runs even if they were playing in Wrigley Field, the Cubs' home, there is no denying that many doubles, some triples, and any number of singles that have bounced off that wall would be caught.

As a counterargument to this, the pro-Klein element points out, sensibly enough, that in a larger field the outfielders, especially the right fielder, would play deeper for the great slugger. Playing deeper, he wouldn't be on hand to capture a great many low sizzling liners that, with the fielder where he belonged while Mr. Klein was batting, would fall safe.

Still, there are figures to prove that the new star of the National League is vastly more effective in his former home than on hitherto foreign soil.

Take the Polo Grounds, for example. Although Mr. Klein's grand average for the season, in all parks, was .369, he hit only .152 against the Giants' great pitchers. In fact he went hitless in five of eleven games in New York and once against New York in Philadelphia.

A GAINST the somewhat mediocre pitching of the Boston Braves, but in their roomy ball park, he hit .239, going hitless in four of eleven games. In the huge Cincinnati ball park, against pitching that is generally deemed somewhat sour, he hit .260, and in Forbes Field at Pittsburgh, with the ablest trio of outfielders in baseball roaming a vast stretch of open country, he hit .289.

In Brooklyn, where there is elbow room, at least, for the outfielders, he climbed above the .300 mark with an average of .311. In Chicago, where he will play henceforth, he hit .341 in a field that is slightly more cramped than the Brooklyn field, but not so small as his one-time home park.

Strangely enough, he did his best hitting on the road, in St. Louis, the only foreign park in which his average exceeded his mark for the entire season for all parks. He hit .378 there, going hitless in three games. The park in St. Louis has a reasonably short right-field fence; but the pitching of the Cardinal team was, next to that of the

Giants, the best in the circuit. Dean, Hallahan, Haines, Carleton, and Walker, with Dazzy Vance helping, were no snow men to bat against.

There is a strange anomaly here. While he was finding the Cardinal pitchers reasonably easy in St. Louis, he was finding them tough at home. He compiled his lowest average of the year at home against them, a meager .350—that is, meager in relation to his high average, compiled against the Pittsburgh pitchers, of .548.

Hold your hats, kids—here we go again. While the New York Giants' superpitchers were holding him to a mark of .152 on their own grounds, they were granting him an average of .514 in the Philadelphia park, a most extraordinary reversal of form. It is here, however, that the anti-Klein faction gets in a couple of hard rights to the solar plexus—here and in the Pittsburgh figures. They point out that Pittsburgh has the finest outfield for roving fly chasers in baseball. Moreover, Paul and Lloyd Waner and Freddie Lindstrom are the young men who can take advantage of it. In the Philadelphia park they were cramped.

The same goes for New York. While the right-field foul line in the Polo Grounds is no farther away than in Philadelphia, the Polo Grounds fence falls away almost directly, so that twenty feet out into the field it is more than 300 feet away, and fifty feet out it is 350 feet from the plate, or thereabouts. The outfielders have ample room to range there.



DICK WILLIAMS

was sports editor of the New York morning World at its demise, and has been reporter, foreign correspondent, editor, and dramatic critic. Now he contributes to magazines. He calls both Arkansas City, Kansas, and El Paso, Texas, home, but he impartially lives in New York City. He was in the World War.

NOW the question is, how will Klein act in Chicago? It is entirely possible that his average in foreign parts for 1933, which was .280, may more nearly approximate his average for the year in 1934. Possible—but highly improbable. The fact that he hit .341 in the Cubs' park is one argument in his favor. The other is even more substantial. It is Klein himself.

The man is a natural hitter. He has the most effortless swing in baseball today, far more rhythmic than those of Gehrig or Ruth or Foxx. Moreover, he is far faster than any of these three at their fastest. He is faster and more graceful than Simmons. Not a better fielder, he has shown, when given a chance to roam in a wide area, that he is every bit as good as the big Pole in fielding and throwing, and he is a faster and cannier base runner.

Mind you, Klein hit .368 against the dead National League ball of 1933. With the livelier ball he should hit twenty or even forty points higher, other things being equal. Remember, too, that he could have his average cut twenty points and still lead his league in hitting, according to 1933 figures.

Moreover, the man is a natural competitor, and no pitcher has yet discovered a weakness in his batting mechanism. Even Hubbell admitted that he just threw them as far from the normal arc of Klein's swing as he could and keep them over the plate, and then prayed.

Quiet, shy, afraid of women to the point of grotesquery, Klein is a serious student of his business. Moreover, he never keeps late hours and never drinks, and saves his money. Among baseball players this latter has become a greater virtue in the last ten years than a .360 batting average or a screw ball.

Still, he has to overcome adverse criticism and the fact that he is bound to lose triples and doubles that once rattled off the right-field fence in profusion. Home-run production scarcely will be affected. It remains to be seen how much he can borrow from that high home average of last year and how much he can pay back to that .280 foreign average.

Upon that depends whether or not Chuck Klein is the greatest ball player the National League has produced since Wagner, or just another bust, a Philadelphia hitter like Hal Lee and Pinkey Whitney, now of the Braves.

And upon it too, no doubt, depends a great deal the sanity of the heads of the Chicago Cubs. A flop from Klein—well, it's too grievous to contemplate.

The Indianapolis Dutchman almost *has* to make good. He's on the spot.

THE END

**coming
next
week!**



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Delmar's**

Great New Novel

BRIGHT GIRL

**The Story of a Heroine
who was MAN CRAZY**

● Her name was Kelvin Bronson, and she might have been a school-teacher, but when the new soda jerker appeared at Gridley's drug store— Well, let's let Vina Delmar explain what happened!

better than "BAD GIRL"

THE LEVER THAT PRODUCES OUR BOOMS AND DEPRESSIONS

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—It is universally agreed that the cause of the depression lies in our banking system. This system controls the difference between the total amount of money required to transact the nation's business and the actual amount of lawful money now in use, \$6,000,000,000, and holds the people in complete power and at its mercy, both as to the issue and the rate of interest charged. This is the lever that produces our booms and depressions. Therefore the issue of money must be restored to the government.

Now, since we know that the cause of the depression lies in the present banking system's control of money, I propose, omitting minute details:

1. Creation of government banks.
2. Issuance of new paper currency: (a) To debtors of the present banks to pay off their secured obligations 100 cents on the dollar, at a lower interest rate than is now charged. But bad loans are not to be assumed by the new banks. (b) To make available to all persons having security this new medium of exchange. Supply and demand will determine the value of the commodity, and its value will determine the amount to be loaned. And (c) to replace all money now in circulation with the new currency, giving a stated time for recall.
3. Pass legislation making it possible to recall all government bonds and pay them off with the new currency, this issue to be secured by the government's promise to pay, and retired by taxes as at the present time. Such action would eliminate the huge interest on its outstanding bonds which the government is now paying.
4. As the borrowers from the new government banks repay their loans, the currency thus returned to the banks is to be defaced so that it cannot be used again. It must be held by the banks until a duly appointed examiner authorizes its destruction. This will (a) prevent dishonesty by bank officials, and (b) prevent inflation or the retaining in circulation of unsecured currency.
5. Gold now on hand could be stored for use as an international trading unit. I am of the opinion, however, that international trade could be successfully manipulated by barter.

This idea, in pamphlet and more detailed form, under the title *The Money Solution*, has been sent to several members of Congress and to the President.—*W. W. Westrup*.

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. The whole purpose of this department is to select, from all the letters sent to Vox Pop, those which the editor thinks of special value and for which we will pay \$25. It should be understood that all letters addressed to Vox Pop are submitted for publication as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.

Mr. Westrup's letter was selected by the editor as a Four-Star Letter and he has been sent \$25.—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

A SUGGESTION TO A JUNIOR LEAGUER

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—In the April 21 Vox Pop, under the heading *Undignified Junior Leaguer*, Miss Katharine Rogers Van Slyck, executive secretary of the Association of the Junior Leagues of America, Inc., gives one the impression she thinks the world is an ignorant lot. She requested that you publish a paragraph explaining that the story *No Holts Barred* in the February 24 *Liberty* was entirely fictional.

Any one with intelligence enough to read *No Holts Barred* also had brains enough to know it was fiction. I suggest that Katharine try to make the acquaintance of a few ordinary people and cultivate her sense of humor.—*Harry E. Creelman*.

GAS STOVES AND GAS BUGGIES

ATLANTA, GA.—The average state and federal tax on gasoline is, in effect, a retail sales tax of 43.59 per cent!

After the cookstove the motor vehicle probably is next in importance in the current scheme of living. It is inconceivable that the American housewife for a moment would think of paying a 43.59-per-cent tax on the fuel used in her stove. Why should she be asked to

pay such a tax on the fuel used in her car?

Senator Capper of Kansas has introduced in Congress a bill calling for repeal of the one-cent federal gasoline tax on June 30. If all the 23,000,000 drivers of motor vehicles in the United States should tell their Congressmen to support Senator Capper, this obnoxious tax would end this year. People complain all the time about excessive taxes. Why don't they do something about them?—*T. L. F. Barfield, Operating the South-eastern Printing Co.*

WHO KILLED CLINTON FORBES?

FORT WORTH, TEX.—I read *The Case of the Howling Dog* and enjoyed it very much. However, I must admit there remains a doubt in my mind as to who really did kill Clinton Forbes, and as to the motive for his murder. I believe Bessie Forbes killed her husband.—*D. B. Holland*.

AUTHOR CLEARS MYSTERY

VENTURA, CALIF.—In writing *The Case of the Howling Dog*, I tried to conclude the serial by leaving the reader something to think about. Mr. Holland is correct in his assumption that Bessie Forbes killed Clinton Forbes. Forbes

Vox

had murdered Paula and Arthur Cartwright, and it is reasonable to suppose that, in the final dramatic meeting between Forbes and his wife, he released his police dog and ordered it to attack her. Perry Mason frankly admits he does not know whether Forbes was killed in self-defense or not, but it is reasonable to suppose he was.—*Erle Stanley Gardner*.

HIS EYES WERE SHUT, BUT HIS EARS WERE OPEN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Hey, Pop: did you see that squib in *Walter Winchell's* column from his *Girl Friday*? It read:

"That photo of Rudy Vallee, Adela Rogers St. Johns, and yourself in his life story (April 21 *Liberty*) certainly is funny. What were you made up for, anyhow? At any rate, Rudy now has evened matters decisively."

To me, Walter looked as if he were made up for a few winks of sleep between columns.—*Alvin Holman*.

WHAT BETTER GUARANTY CAN ONE GET?

WINNIPEG, MAN.—It has been enlightening and educational to hear about the negotiations relative to the renewal of the Canadian Pacific Railway loan of \$60,000,000 by the banks.

It is especially interesting to the writer, as he was caught in three bank failures in a certain northwestern state of the U. S. A.

The Canadian Pacific tried to raise sufficient funds to pay off its loan in New York, London, and elsewhere, but without success. See what happened? Did the road go into the hands of the receivers? Not on your life! Its officials got in touch with Mr. Bennett, Premier of Canada, and immediately the loan was renewed with the guaranty of the Dominion of Canada behind the obligation.

What better guaranty can one get than the Dominion of Canada, unless it is the United States of America?—*F. A. Windsor*.

KING SOLOMON AND THE GOLD STANDARD

ORANGE COVE, CALIF.—One of your contributors, Jay Franklin, speaks of the gold standard as being of comparatively recent origin. He should hunt up his Bible and turn to the tenth chapter of First Kings. There he will learn that King Solomon demonetized silver and established the gold standard long before the time of Christ.—*Mervin T. Lyons*.

2,835 PER CENT RETURN ON FIVE CENTS

CHICAGO, ILL.—Upon reading this week's *Liberty* I find that 35 minutes and 16 seconds of the reading time is devoted to features, while 2 hours 14 minutes and 41 seconds is for entertainment, such as stories. This gives a total

Pop

of 2 hours 49 minutes and 57 seconds of reading for my nickel.

My pay amounts to fifty cents an hour. Using this for a base, mathematics shows that I am getting 28.35 times my money's worth, or realizing 2,835 per cent on my investment of \$.05. Not so bad!—*J. D. Newlon.*

OUR BEST PEOPLE DO MORE HARM THAN CRIMINALS?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Your editorial of April 7, Tax Gambling—Annul Fool Gambling Laws, has certainly hit the nail on the head. Only the most stubborn and unreasoning moralist can fail to see the logic of it. In my opinion, our best people, our God-fearing, church-going folk, though motivated by high ideals, have, by their persistent efforts to improve our moral standards by law, actually done more harm to our country than our worst criminal elements.

Nearly every reform law they sponsored turned out to be a veritable gold mine for our crooked politicians, venal police, and racketeers. The best way to fight crime is to dry up the criminals' sources of income, the greatest of which is gambling. We therefore ought to legalize every form of gambling, supervise it thoroughly to keep it honest, and turn most of the profits toward relief of human suffering.—*Adolph Dickman.*

DOES BRENNAN KNOW HIS NAVY?

SEATTLE, WASH.—My congratulations to Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, author of Destroyer, on his ability to write such a true-to-form navy story. I don't mean the conduct of Captain Leidig or some of the junior officers, but the way the typical navy talk and routine is brought to the front.—*Stanley B. King, K. & K. Service Bureau, Formerly of the U. S. Navy and Coast Guard.*

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Destroyer, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, was good, but Brennan doesn't know destroyers or the routine on them. I never heard of a captain on a destroyer taking the wheel in a typhoon, and I spent four years on the Barker (213) in China waters and was in about twenty typhoons. Here's hoping if Brennan writes another story and brings the navy into it he will first learn something about a can, or ship.—*A. H. P., U. S. S. Dahlgren.*

A TREAT IN AN ANKLE

CHICAGO, ILL.—A few words in defense of nudism. I am not a nudist and have never seen nudists frolicking at play, but let us be fair. David Keene (April 14 Vox Pop) has implied that humans seeing each other in the natural state would turn into lusty animals, caring for nothing but sex.

Quite a few years ago it was a treat to males if they saw an ankle. As skirts

shortened and the petticoat was banished, the mysterious ankle lost its former allure because it was revealed unashamedly. The leg and knee passed through the same stages. People are beginning to realize that it is healthier to have light clothing so that the body may be given a chance to breathe properly.

The girl of today, in comparison with the girl of yesterday, is a healthy, forceful creature. She is stronger, and has a purer mind. She is one who has knowledge of the principles of her sex and is therefore not bothered with the morbid curiosity that her sisters of a decadent age had at one time.

Now a one-piece bathing suit is almost unnoticed. Why? Man's curiosity is appeased. He is no longer interested. He begins to enjoy himself with cleaner thoughts unconsciously, and feels better by doing so.—*Brij M. Bagai.*

HE SAYS WAR STORIES BREED GERMS OF WAR

PASADENA, CALIF.—One policy of Liberty that has continued for several years is that of publishing stories of war experiences. I cannot help but feel that you are making a grave mistake here.

These tales are surrounded with an air of adventure which undoubtedly appeals to the American youth. You are, perhaps unwittingly, infecting these young men with the germ of love for war.—*Harry A. Caldwell.*

WANTED TO CRY OUT, TO SWEAR

DENVER, COLO.—Rendezvous, in Liberty, made me want to cry out, to swear. Yes—and to fight. But not for what the poor devils in the story were fighting.

I write from the standpoint of a youth not involved, materially, in the World War. I have found my opinions along this line very closely allied to those of others of my own age.

We fail to see adventure, romance, and glamour attached to muddy trenches, cold steel, bursting shells, and stinking dead.

If any one imagines that present-day youth will swallow this unadulterated war-hero bunk—as the last generation did—then Barnum was right; but not in the case of modern youth.—*John Sanguinet.*

NO AX TO GRIND

SUPERIOR, WIS.—In this age of printed toadyism Liberty stands out as worthy of its name.

It must be a rather soul-lifting experience to be able to place before a vast number of people the truth as the editor sees it, unbiased by business affiliations, unhampered by sectionalism, and with no ax to grind.

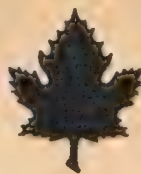
Liberty is modern, but Liberty is old-fashioned in one policy: its editorials are not written, as are most editorials today, with the thought, "Anything to sell the paper." They are written because the man who writes them has a conviction and propounds that conviction fearlessly.

He may not always be right, but he is willing to fight for his convictions.—*Mrs. George F. Hawley.*

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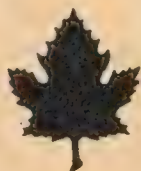
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The SHE- DEVIL

ILLUSTRATION BY
JOHN FALTER



**A Vivid Novel of Today's Daughters
Sweeps to a Surprising Conclusion**

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PART SIX—BREAKFAST FOR TWO

TO the hurrying crowd they seemed like two friends exchanging a few confidential remarks. Deshler knew better than to struggle, and the anguish that shot through him when Peter gave the least yank cowed him completely.

He tried to disguise his rage and helplessness as a friendly grin when he heard Peter saying with a smile of sincere delight:

"I hear you're looking for me. Well?"

"You got me wrong, fella. I got nothing against you. I laid hands on you when I was drinking and you beat me

to the punch. I got what was coming to me and I can take it as well as dish it out. Leave go of me, will you? I need that arm in my business and it's no use to you."

With his left hand Peter tapped Deshler's pockets and his body. He was almost sorry to find no weapon. He said:

"I ought to kill you for daring even to speak to—to that girl. And I will if you don't let her alone."

"Aw, you got no right to worry. I'm sailing for Eur'pe tomorrow."

Pete sneered. "Don't try that stuff on me. What

reason have you got to be going to Europe?"

"Plenty, fella. Prohibition is finished and my business is pretty well shot. They'll soon let down the bars and I'm going over to pick up what fine wines and whiskies I can, and try to buy the agency for what houses haven't been snapped up already. I'm late now getting across, and I'm in a hurry. So lay off me. Can't you take the word of a gen'eman?"

"All right. As long as you take the boat alone. *Bon voyage*, and don't hurry back!"

Peter let him go and went his way, feeling much better. Deshler stared after him, regretting that he had forgotten to slip his gun into his armpit holster before he went down to the steamer office to engage two adjoining state-rooms, one for Miss Palgrave and one for himself. He saw no reason for mentioning to Joyce the second unpleasant meeting he had had with Peter Haden. And Peter decided to wait until Deshler was out of the country before he resumed his campaign for the redemption of Joyce.

LATE the next afternoon Peter's secretary told him that he was wanted on the telephone by an old friend who preferred not to give her name. His ear perked with delight as Joyce's voice caressed it.

"That you, Petie?"

"Why, hello, Joyce!"

"I just called to tell you good-by and to thank you for your kindness. I wasn't very appreciative the other night."

"Good-by, did you say?"

"Yes, I'm sailing tomorrow morning to get away from it all, as the saying is."

"Going alone?"

"Oh, no, there are to be quite a lot of passengers, I believe."

"Shan't I see you before you go?"

"Afraid not. I'm in town doing some last-minute shopping. Fortunately the boat doesn't sail till daybreak, but I'll barely make it. I've got to manage somehow to see Leta and Evert, and— Well, good-by, darling! I'll let you know when I get back. Good-by, darling."

"Good-by, Joyce."

He was back in the depths of despair. Of course she was going with Deshler. It meant the end of her. But what could he do about it? She was free, white, and twenty-one. She had refused his prayers and even stood by when he fought for her. She had seen him dragged from the café and had stayed with Deshler. Now she was going to travel with him openly.

Just to confirm his ugliest suspicions he checked on sailings and called up the office of the steamer.

"I want to send some flowers to Miss Joyce Palgrave," he said. "What is her stateroom number?"

After a moment the clerk gave it. At least she had a room of her own. Peter said:

"One moment. I want also to send something to Mr. James Deshler. What is his number, please?"

In a moment the clerk gave him this information. Deshler's room carried the even number next to Joyce's. Peter said "Thank you" from a heart that was most unthankful.

In a stupor of thought he sat; he walked about the room; he dined alone at his club. Every resolution he made he unmade. At last he decided that if Joyce wanted to go to hell, it was her privilege, and any interference of his would simply drive her impatient soul a little faster along the road.

As soon as he had resolved to give her up for lost and



Joyce ran to the window. Peter followed, catching his feet on coat hangers. She began to shriek.

mind his own business, he got his car and struck out for Westchester. He broke in upon the quiet retreat of Wingham and Margaret and found them even more despondent than he was, since their lifelong habit of playing the servant to the whims of their masters and mistresses had incapacitated them for active interference. They were free enough to bewail the dear little lady's madness, but she would not even permit them to comment on it.

"What can we do, sir?" they asked beseechingly.

by RUPERT HUGHES

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	St. Louis

NBC BLUE NETWORK

"Nothing," said Peter. "And that's what I want you to do tonight. Is Miss Palgrave in her room?"

"Yes, sir. She said she was going to see her sister and her brother, but I fancy she was afraid that she might not have the time. So she sent them telegrams. I've just telephoned them in, sir. And there's one for the directors of the big horse show, where she was sure to have won no end of ribbons. She was going to show several horses."

"And she looked so cute in a top hat!" This last from Margaret.

"I am still the family lawyer for the Palgrave estate, you know. In a way I'm the guardian of the heirs, so to speak. I am going to assume full responsibility for my actions. There will probably be some trouble."

"Oh, but she's a wild one now to what she used to be!"

"If you hear any noise or anything, don't come near unless I myself call you. I'll promise not to commit murder. If I get murdered, it's my own fault. But don't come near."

"No, sir. Yes, sir."

"If Mr. Deshler should come, send him up, but telephone me that he's on his way."

"Hadn't I better 'andle 'im myself, sir?"

"Send him up."

"Yes, sir. Suppose he should just telephone and want to speak to Miss Joyce?"

"Tell him that she has just left for the steamer, but spoke of stopping to see her brother and sister on the way."

Peter climbed the stairs, went along the hall, knocked at Joyce's door and entered. He found her trying to play goddess and bring order out of chaos. Clothes and travel equipment of every sort covered every resting place, and two wardrobe trunks were partially filled.

SHE seemed to be genuinely glad to see him. She hailed him and gave him a gay handclasp that reminded him of the good old times.

"Grand of you to come, Petie. All the way out here, too! Swell of you!"

"I didn't bring flowers. I sent them to your stateroom."

"That was darling of you. But how did you find out?"

"Mr. Deshler told me."

"Jim Deshler told you? When did you see him?"

"Yesterday."

"He didn't mention it to me."

"No; I told him I'd kill him if he didn't let you alone. And he said not to worry because he was sailing for Europe tonight."

"You threatened to kill him?"

"Yes. I had heard that he was gunning for me."

"Thank God you got him first. He told me he was going after you, but I made him promise not to. He only promised on condition that I would—"

She stopped short. What was the use of telling Peter how she had pleaded with Deshler, threatened to kill him herself, and finally, for the sake of peace and the protection of

Peter, had promised to go with him to Europe? Such a confession would sound like a boast. She would be playing the heroine, putting on martyr robes. Deshler had frightened her completely. She had seen none of the evidences of his cowardice. She had not seen how easily Peter called his bluff. She had really made the final surrender of her last shred of self-respect, her last wisp of hope, that she might continue to be at least friends with Peter; she had destroyed his respect for her to save what was infinitely more precious to her than her own tattered reputation.

Peter suspected all this. He flashed at her:

"Joyce, are you sacrificing yourself for me?"

"Sacrificing myself!" She laughed—or at least she made a noise that resembled laughter. "Don't be young, Peter!"

"YOU needn't be afraid of Deshler. He's only a three-flusher. He's yellow all through. I can take care of him. You don't need to shield me at such a price, honey—at such a price-less price."

He was growing tender. His eyes were beyond all bearing beautiful with that old love of his. She had to make a mockery of it or fall down before it and drag Peter down with her.

"Of course you're not afraid of Deshler. You're not afraid of anybody. But I'm pretty tired of this town. So when I got a chance for a little vacation with all expenses paid, I thought I might as well take a little trip."

"In the stateroom next to Deshler's?"

"You know everything, don't you?"

"Couldn't you find a better traveling companion?"

"I doubt it. Anyway, I've never been abroad, and I'm lucky to find anybody who'll pay the freight."

"I'll pay the freight. I'll take you."

This gave her heart a stab. She stopped short and stared at him across an armload of underwear. "But would you still insist on that old condition, marriage in advance?"

"Yes."

She wavered, but loved him well enough and hated herself well enough to say:

"And I'm not the marrying kind since— But we've thrashed that all out." She filled a drawer in her trunk with the contents of her arms, which he removed as fast as she filled it. She took this as a bit of philandering foolery at first and laughed. Then she pleaded, "Would you mind if I went on with my packing? I've got so little time."

"Then why waste it?"

"Hunh?"

"Why waste time packing? You're not sailing."

"Oh, yes, I am."

"Oh, no, you're not."

"Who says I'm not?"

"Me."

"How you going to stop me?"

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"By prayer and appeal to reason." She laughed. "I don't believe in either."

"Then by force."

She laughed harder. "I like a good scuffle, but I can't afford the time."

She fitted an evening gown to a hanger and inserted it in the clothes rack of a wardrobe trunk, then crossed the room for another gown to fit on another hanger. When she turned she saw that Peter had quickly lifted from the trunk the dress she had just placed there.

"How childish! Please don't be silly, Pete."

"I never was more deadly in earnest."

"Well, I find you pretty deadly. But you can't stop me."

"No?"

With a sweep he scooped all the hangers from the trunk and sifted the gowns over a couch. Joyce, realizing how much toil she had spent on hanging the fabrics up, and how much more toil it meant to replace them, sank into a chair with a groan. Then with another groan she rose and picking up a hanger, inserted it in a gown, walked to the trunk, and hung it up; walked wearily back, picked up another gown and fitted it on a hanger and walked to the trunk, only to pass Peter walking back to the couch with the hanger and the gown she had just hung up separated once more. He laid the gown on the couch and threw the hanger into a corner.

JOYCE dropped the gown she carried and ran at Peter with her hands in claws. He caught her by the wrists. She twisted her hands free and, running to the couch, gathered up the double armload of dresses to dump them in the trunk. When she got there the trunk was closed and locked and the key was in Peter's pocket.

She spilled the clothes on the floor and went to the telephone to say:

"Wingham, there's a man in my room. Come put him out. What if it is Mr. Haden? You put him out. You can't? You mean you won't! Call the police, then. I insist. You put me through to the police this minute."

She banged the telephone on the hook and made a rush for the door. Peter was just locking it. He held up the key, saying:

"As in the movies."

He advanced on her with a burlesque leer. She picked up a chair and swung it overhead. He made a quick alibi and the chair splintered on the floor. She was glad that she had not struck him, yet she was desperate with despair, frantic to resist at any cost the loss of her new protective cynicisms and contempts. She would rather die or kill than yield again to the old beliefs, the old treacherous beliefs that her father and mother had destroyed for her. When Peter laughed at her frenzied self-defense, she ran at him and gave him two or three sound whacks with the top of the chair before he could wrest it from her. Then she picked up a

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from wind and sun

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a tender sun- and wind-burned skin than you can expect from the average cream.

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Actual
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MOTHER OF 13 WITHOUT A WRINKLE

What a rarity!—a woman with a large family and an unlined face. Read this letter she has written:—

"I am a woman of 50, have a family of 13 children, and have not a wrinkle on my face. Some time ago I passed through a very severe illness, and resolved to try Kruschen Salts, and am a new woman since taking them. I have taken Kruschen for twelve months—not a small dose, but half-a-teaspoonful every morning in a cup of hot water. I think Kruschen gives you a feeling of buoyancy and youth that nothing else does."—(Mrs.) E. T.

Many minor illnesses, depression and worry—which are the chief causes of wrinkles—are frequently due to the presence in the system of poisons bred by the waste products of digestion. These poisons are the root cause of rheumatism, headaches, kidney trouble and other complaints, which make people old before their time. It is the unflinching effect of Kruschen Salts to expel these poisons and keep the blood-stream pure. And a rich supply of pure, vigorous blood is the secret of youthful vitality—millions of men and women have already proved that.

large glass bowl containing powder and a powder puff. He knew enough to stand perfectly still, and she missed him—perhaps she really meant to. But the powder besnowed him and made him sneeze.

She also threw at him two silver brushes and a box full of safety pins. He made a dash for her and gripped her elbows just as she rounded on him with a nail file. He was scratched, cut, and rasped in various places before he made her drop it by bending her hand back on her wrist. He hurt her and hated to, but had to. As he held her in an embrace that made her strangely dear to him, she tried to reach his ear with her fangs, nipping one lobe slightly.

The click of her teeth as they slipped off was not amusing.

They wrestled together and she dipped, writhed, and finally bunted him in the face with the back of her head, nearly dislodging one tooth, filling his mouth with hair, and setting the blood to dripping from his bruised lip.

Joyce spun swiftly and ran to the window, stumbling through her beautiful gowns, catching her feet, and nearly diving through the glass. Peter followed her and tripped, catching his feet on coat hangers and advancing as on snowshoes.

She got the window up, had one knee on the sill, and would have leaped out if he had not caught her by the ankle. Then she began to shriek.

He hauled her in in a hurry and slammed the window down. Now she fought him with all her lithe young strength and the resources and ruthlessness of a wildcat. She kicked his shins, gnawed his knuckles, ripped her nails across his face, jabbed her elbows into his stomach, his eye, struck him with her knees, her head, whirling and snarling and spitting.

He loathed himself for what he did, but now he had not only to conquer her and save the reputation of his sex, but also to protect himself; for she would probably have killed him if she could have got free.

At last he wrapped one leg about her legs, kicked her heels out from under her and tumbled her across the bed, held her knees fast between his knees, and brought her arms up back of her. Gripping her wrists with one hand, he made a quick clutch and picked up the first thing he found under his fingers. It was a brassière, and he wrapped it round her wrists as a temporary fetter. A pair of silk stockings made a rope for her wildly agitated ankles.

Then he lifted her and turned her and stretched her out on the bed as comfortably as he could. While she wriggled and twisted and tugged and sputtered profanity, he examined his cuts and bruises.

"I'll probably get hydrophobia," he panted.

"You'll get worse when I get free."

He stepped into her bathroom and found her medical equipment all laid out for packing. He painted his

scratches with iodine and was just cutting strips of gauze and adhesive tape to cover his wounds when she began to scream:

"Help! Murder! Rape! Thieves! Help! Help!"

He ran to her and seizing a pillow pressed it over her face, hoping that Wingham and Margaret might be able to pacify any of their inquisitive guests with some story about a physician trying to quiet an hysterical patient, or something.

Meanwhile Joyce was biting at the pillow slip and shaking it in her teeth with a terrier-like vigor. Also she began to choke and her breast began to heave in suffocation.

He darted back to the bathroom, caught up adhesive tape and scissors, and ran back. She was spitting feathers and preparing to resume her clamor. But he managed to fasten a strip of tape from cheek to cheek before her first howl was launched and before she could snap off a finger. He remembered to stuff gauze under the tape where it crossed her lips.

"You can breathe through your nostrils," he said. "You don't need to shout any more."

She rolled away from him and landed on the floor with a thump that frightened him. He would rather have died than hurt her, yet he seemed to be compelled to treat her with a barbaric violence that would otherwise have justified lynching. He ran to her, picked her up in loving arms, and carried her to a chair, seated her in it, found some stout cord that had bound up a dress box, and fastened her feet to one of the chair legs. With one of her leather belts he fastened her wrists in front of her after he had unwrapped the silk stockings and seized her flying hands as they came free. He found another of her belts and buckled it around her waist and an upright of the chair.

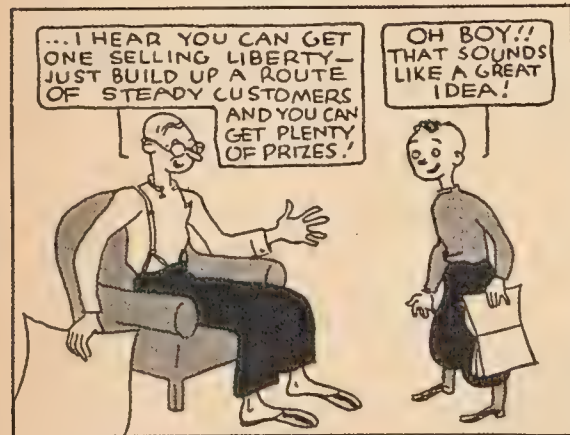
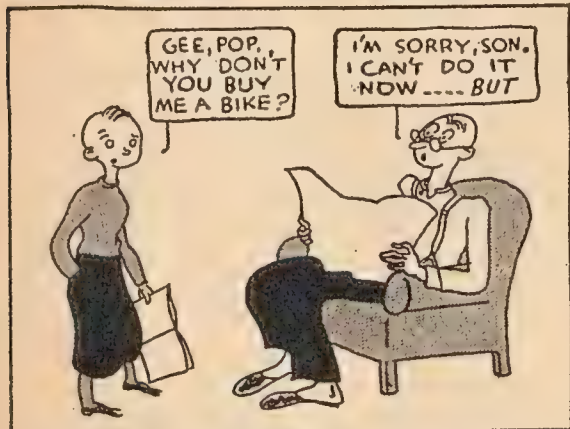
She tried her best to work the tape free from her mouth, but it stuck. Then, in a storm of muscular frenzy all of her sinews united in one grand effort at freedom. Peter watched her moorings with anxiety.

There was nothing sadistic in Peter's nature, but he could not help noting how beautiful her body was as its sinuous ripples and undulations of power flowed through it and her various members rolled and relaxed, flexed, tightened, and turned, and subsided in a vain torsion against the straining gyves.

There were tears of pity in his eyes, but in hers a blazing silent ire. Looking into those hard and glistening slits he could understand the legend of the basilisk whose very stare was fatal. Yet he felt a kind of triumph. He had convinced her that his kindness was not merely the subterfuge of a weakling.

He brought forward the iodine and the bandages and painted such wounds as she had sustained from her own nails or her collisions. She almost fainted with resentment at such consideration on his part, and

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she clenched her eyelids against the sight of him.

"I suppose you wish you could close your ears, too," he said, "but you can't, and I'm going to fill them with a little common sense. I'm going to say my say for once.

"I suppose I'm one of the few men that ever got the wish that all men wish at some time in their lives, and that is to have some beloved woman gagged and bound and compelled to listen without interruption. I'm going to take advantage of that dream. Besides, I'm used to talking to a jury. And you're the jury. I'm going to put before you the case of Joyce Palgrave *versus* Joyce Palgrave *et al.*; Peter Haden, counsel for the plaintiff and for the defendant. The final verdict has got to rest with you, but you're going to hear the case.

"First, let me make one point clear. I love you as few men have loved few women. I always loved the original Joyce Palgrave as I saw her grow up in the peculiar innocence of a soul that saw everything and knew everything but took no harm from anything. Then I saw that young angel in danger from Morgan Sargent. He came within an ace of leading her beyond her depth by the old lure of appealing to her pity, her mercy, her generosity. That Joyce Palgrave was such a little sister of charity that she was on the brink of giving herself to a man she didn't really care for, just to quiet his pain. You were as sweet a little idiot as ever walked into a trap."

He drew up a chair and sat close to her.

"Are you comfortable?" Her head went back and an uncouth laughter came through the tape. "I mean as comfortable as you could be, being so uncomfortable? Well, anyway, you won't have to be uncomfortable very long—that is compared to the lifelong misery you were running into. I'm just going to keep you here till the boat sails.

"Wingham and Margaret, who are in perfect accord with my procedure, will tell Mr. Deshler, in case he telephones or calls in person, that you have just left for the steamer. In case he doesn't take the boat himself but comes after you anyway, I will chase him out of the country or kill him. And I'm what can do both. I'd a little rather kill him. So settle back into as comfortable a despair as you can.

"TO resume my argument, if I please your Honor, you escaped Morgan Sargent by walking into the most horrible experience a sweet young girl could meet in this evil world. You saw your mother embracing her lover, and the shock disgusted you with love and marriage, made you doubt the decency of all mankind, and deny the beauty of all passion. You saw your father shoot down the lover without mercy for his weaknesses, without giving him a chance to repent. You saw your beloved father destroy your mother and himself.

"I'm just trying to save you from further punishment for being innocent and for having a heart big enough and warm enough to suffer as smaller hearts could never suffer.

"At first you were so brave and strong that I looked on you with something like awe. You went out and tried to earn a living. You tried to save your brother and sister, to make a man and a woman of them. I've known more about what you did and tried to do than you've realized.

"BUT the going was too rough for you. If you had loved your mother and father less you would have got over your loss; but you couldn't. Yet it was your nature to try to hide your grief inside you. If you had been more of a hypocrite and less of an idealist you wouldn't have been so shattered when you found how easily the sweetest-seeming people can betray the trust of others. You've kept that feeling to yourself, and it has eaten into you like a corrosive acid.

"The purest saints are the easiest to turn into devils. The worst devils are the worst because they suffer the most. All your fiendishness and recklessness have been due to your strange gifts of despair.

"Men like Deshler—they don't know or care what you've suffered. All they know is that you have a beautiful face and a beautiful body and they want you. They haven't realized that you weren't trying to have fun their way, but that you were trying to escape from the furies that pursue you.

"I don't exactly blame a man who isn't strong enough to run away when a pretty girl looks easy; but I don't intend to let the Deshlers keep you till you're rotten all through.

"I don't know how far you've gone with Deshler or anybody else. There's no way of telling and your word wouldn't be evidence one way or the other. It would be like you to say you had been guilty, just to torture me—though it wouldn't torture me as much as you might imagine; for I believe that the only kind of virginity that's worth having is the kind that can be renewed when it's lost; it's a thing of the soul, not the body. Anyway, even if you would marry me—and of course you'd much more like to murder me—but even if you'd marry me, I'd think it was none of my business what you had been and done before you gave me your love. I'd know you'd go straight afterward.

"I don't know and I don't want to know whether you're 'pure' or 'impure,' as the saying is. Whatever you are, you're not to blame, you poor, poor little lost lamb. If you've gone the limit in your frenzy, you may be thinking you're stained for life, gone beyond recall. But I hope you're not old-fashioned enough to believe that ancient nonsense. People can wash their souls as easily as they can wash their bodies, and they will be just as clean again. Or, even if they aren't, it's better to get dirty once in a while than to run away from life.

BABYING

YOUR

NEW CAR

?

Just easing her along ... watching like a hawk that nothing goes wrong in those all-important first 500 miles? Anxious about oil, especially, since car makers advise a "light" oil for the new-type bearings, pistons, and rings? You *should* be careful. For the lighter the oil you use, the *better it has to be*. Here's an experience of H. J. Tegen, Modesto, Cal., that will interest you:

"I bought a Dodge 8 on July 1, 1930. Now, my speedometer shows 74,500 miles. The original rings are still in the car. I have used nothing but Quaker State, changing at 1500 miles. This is some service."

Motorists who have tried various motor-oils generally end up Quaker State enthusiasts. Because, in every gallon of ordinary oil there is one quart, more or less, of weak, non-lubricating material. This burns up, fails to give lasting lubrication.

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OF THE BIG
BAD WIND?



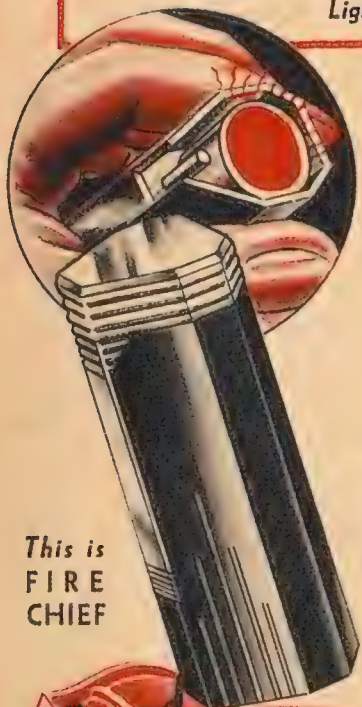
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Fire Chief uses absolutely NO ALCOHOL—NO BENZINE—NO FLUID of any kind! Do not confuse the Fire Chief with any of the so-called "flameless" lighters using alcohol. Never before has a lighter like Fire Chief been on the market.

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"But I mustn't talk you to death. I'll only say I love you with all my heart; and if you'll marry me I'll be the happiest man on earth. If you want to get away from these old scenes and people for a while, I'll take you on a cruise around the world or to the South Seas or the mountains, the desert—anywhere. If you don't want to marry me—and of course you don't now, and maybe never will—I'll still love you and try to protect you from the wrong men and from your wrong self.

"While I live I'll not let Deshler get you. If he kills me, of course I'm out of it. But if I have to, I'll kill him or any other snake that threatens you; and I'll take the consequences with a clear conscience. So please get it into your pretty hot head that even if you could break away from me tonight, or tomorrow, and go to Deshler, I'll come right after you.

"Wipe Deshler off your slate, honey. He's out of your life. Come on back out of hell and be the beautiful, wonderful girl you began to be and the wonderful woman you were meant to be. For God's sake, don't destroy anything as lovely, as brave, as white and sweet as—"

His voice broke. His aching eyes under his tortured brows fastened on hers and saw that their fiendish rage had given way to sorrow and pity, whether for herself or for him he could not know. Her head sank and he could hear her muffled sobs.

He went and knelt by his prisoner, and laid his head against her heart. But her head went back; her breast hardened against him and shrank aside from his cheek; her fingers clenched and unclenched. He saw that her eyes were filling again with bitterness—more against herself than him, he felt now.

He retreated from her and sank into his chair with a sigh of defeat. Her head fell back wearily and her hands relaxed. He went to the bathroom, and wet the end of a towel with cold water and returning bathed her face and her hot brow. She submitted in wan misery. Then he said:

"If you should grow thirsty or want a smoke, just lift your right forefinger and I'll take off the tape, provided you give me your word of honor that you won't scream or revile me. If you lift your right hand I'll take that as your oath."

HER hands clenched again and he could see her jaws set and her eyebrows draw together in grim pride. He shook his head helplessly and returned to his chair.

He was very tired and despondency weighed down his head. He fell asleep at last, and woke with a start as he seemed to be falling out of his chair. He braced himself in a more comfortable position and was drifting away again when he raised his eyelids just enough to peer at her. He was amazed to see that she was studying him with a softness in her look that he could hardly believe.

Her forefinger was wigwagging! He stared at it, then at her. She nodded. He looked back at her right hand. It was uplifted in the pledge he had prescribed.

He went to her and began to pull the tape away. She winced as it stuck and threatened to bring away with it all the skin of her cheeks. He found cotton and with all possible tenderness slowly removed the tape and washed her smarting skin.

"Water, please."

Her voice sounded miraculously beautiful. He fetched a glass of water and she drank greedily, so like a baby that he kissed her hair. She did not denounce him, though she had the dreadful weapon of her tongue again. He said:

"Would you like a cigarette?"

"Would I!"

He gave her one and held a lighter to the end of it. He lighted himself a cigar. It was pleasant to see their two smokes mingle in whorls. He said:

"Look! Two souls that swirl as one."

She laughed softly, not so derisively as he expected. He said:

"If you'll give me your word of honor you won't try to get away and go to Deshler, I'll set you free."

"I give you my word of honor."

He unfastened her, and she rose and stretched herself, rubbing her bruised flesh and reveling in spirals of sinu-

ous motion. She looked about the cluttered battlefield and laughed. She began to pick up things and put the room in order and he moved his chair to the door. She stared at him in a new distress.

"You don't trust me?"

"I'm not here to keep you in, but to keep out of your way, and to keep Deshler out in case— Oh, hell! What right have I to keep you here? This is a free country. Your soul is your own. If you want to go to him, go on."

"It's too late, thank you."

"You can still make the boat before it sails."

"It's too late, I tell you. I don't want to go."

He could have shouted with joy. He wanted to rush to her and gather her in his arms. But there was something forbidding about her dark mood. She sank into a chair and by and by fell so deeply asleep that she did not waken even when he lifted her, carried her to the bed, spread blankets over her, and switched off the light.

He put on his overcoat and stuffing his hands in his pockets fell asleep in his chair and knew no more until he woke from a dream of driving across moonlit snow with Joyce snuggling at his side. He found that the sleigh bells were really the telephone.

Joyce was sitting up on the bed in drowsy confusion. She answered the telephone, then turned to him.

"It's Wingham. He wants you."

"Excuse me, sir," said Wingham, "but Mr. Deshler is on the wire asking for Miss Joyce. What shall I tell him?"

"Wait a minute." Peter turned to Joyce. "It's Deshler. He wants to speak to you."

"You speak to him."

"But then he'll know that I've spent the night here in the room with you."

"Well, you have, haven't you?"

"But what will he think?"

"Anything but what really happened. But what does it matter what

he thinks, now that you've made me think straight again? You said you were going to marry me and make an honest—"

"Oh, my G—! You don't mean it?"

"Didn't you?"

"Of course, but—"

"Then go on and tell him."

"All right! No, I'd rather you told him."

"YOU men!" She took the telephone. "Wingham, put Mr. Deshler on. Oh, go ahead! I have Mr. Haden's permission. Hello. Oh, hello, Jim. No, I didn't start. I ought to have sent you word, but I didn't quite know how to reach you on the ship. I've changed my mind. No, it wouldn't do any good to wait over for another boat. I've changed my mind. I've got it back, or something. Anyway, I've made quite different plans. No, no! It wouldn't do any good. I'm taking a voyage on the other ocean—yes, the Pacific. Good-by! I'm sorry. I apologize. No, no! Thanks a lot, but no, thanks. Good-by!"

There seemed to be no regret in her farewell. She hung up the telephone with a shudder. It was as if she shook off many things.

She stared at Peter in the fading shadow of the room where he kept aloof, afraid to come near her. She turned and stared at the sky. The threads of crimson were opening into roses clustered along gold trellises. The scarlet rim of the morning sun floated above the horizon. A long level shaft of light crossed the earth to bathe the girl in an unearthly radiance.

Slowly Joyce took up the telephone and murmured:

"Oh, Wingham, if you and Margaret aren't too tired, could you— would you bring up a little hot coffee? For two, of course. Thank you! Oh, that would be wonderful! Scrambled eggs and bacon! That would be too wonderful!"

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 48

1—The land mile is 5,280 feet; the United States Coast Survey nautical mile is 6,080.20 feet.

2—Captain James Lawrence of the Chesapeake, 1813.

3—Self-inflicted wound—an army term.

4—Jefferson City, Missouri.

5—Elbrus, in the Caucasus, 18,526 feet.

6—The path of a heavenly body in its revolution around another body.

7—About 126,000.

8—About 41.3.

9—The rose, symbol of silence, was carved over the confessional in old churches.

10—Charles Evans Hughes and Herbert Hoover.

11—A rare element of the aluminum group, resembling lead.

12—The rum served as a ration to sailors; any intoxicating drink.

13—Because it follows the line of the early city wall.

14—Windsor.

15—The seat of the public courses of the faculties of science and letters of the University of Paris.

16—A style marked by the use of long words.

17—A device for automatically controlling the speed of an engine.

18—An Italian patriot who brought about the unification of Italy.

19—A small hound trained to turn spits in kitchens.

20—The female fox.



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2. You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3. When you have done this with all the 48 maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4. Liberty will pay \$3,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5. This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

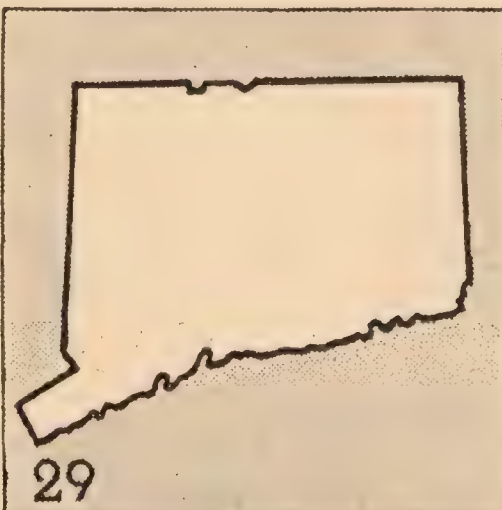
6. Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by the close of business July 11, 1934.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post-office-box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.

SET NO. 8



This state was settled early in the seventeenth century by Dutch from New Amsterdam and by Puritans from Massachusetts. Tobacco is one of its great sources of wealth.

Name of state.....

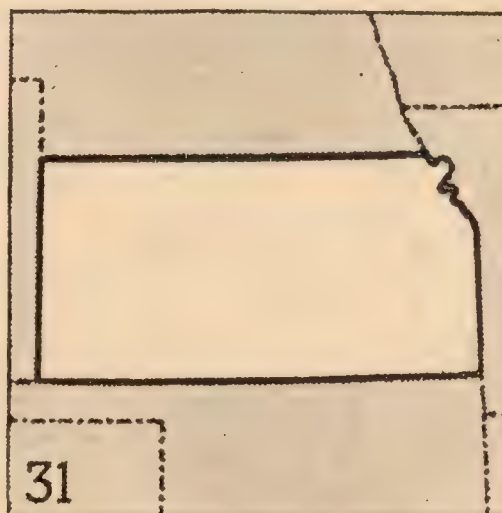
Bounded by.....



This state's schools chose as its flower the violet. One lake touches it on the north and another on the east. It has more creameries than any other state.

Name of state.....

Bounded by.....



Heavy forest coverage in the eastern half of this state abounds in hardwoods, with black walnut plentiful. It is near the geographical center of the United States.

Name of state.....

Bounded by.....



There are no smaller states than this one, which is the most densely populated of all the states. Textile mills account for nearly half the value of its products.

Name of state.....

Bounded by.....

THE NINTH SET OF STATE MAPS WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

Annie Folsom and the Power of Thought

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

SCIENTIFIC the cat's foot!" said my Aunt Suzannah, sitting up very straight and tall and brown in the driving seat of her Ford. She has been driving it since she was a young thing of seventy-odd; she is eighty-odd now, and still perfectly durable. They raise them that way in Nantucket.

"You say it's called telepathy now, and more or less believed in by some. They called it animal magnetism in my day. I ricollect perfectly a long-haired, wild-eyed lecturer that they got at a bargain for our Lyceum lectures the year 'seventy-one, between Mr. Emerson and the Swiss Bell Ringers. The session sat on it afterwards and said he was of the devil. But he was sent by Providence, I always said. But then, I always liked Squire Folsom's Alice better'n his Annie. Girls did. Men didn't."

"How did the long-haired lecturer help out the squire's Alice?" I inquired dutifully.

"Alice was a good girl and pretty," said my Aunt Suzannah, "though not so showy as some. She'd been keepin' company four years with Cap'n Nathan Coffin when her little sister Annie come home from boardin' school. I don't deny Annie had a way with her. But no right feelin's at all, in spite of a religious upbringin'. She had bird-cage earrings and a long black curl down her shoulder, and big black eyes and bright red cheeks—which wasn't as common as now," pointed out my Aunt Suzannah, "because then no decent girl painted.

"Well, no sooner had she laid eyes on Alice's beau than nothin' would do but she must have him. And, to make a long story short, she got him. He came to Alice and had it out with her plump and plain.

"'I'm crazy over Annie,' he says, 'and I want you should give me back my promise.'

"So Alice, bein' the kind of girl that always behaves with self-respect—which didn't git girls any more then than it does now, little as you'd think it—says, 'All right, Nathan. Here's your ring.'

"She pined for months. I can see her now," said my Aunt Suzannah, driving faster in her emotion, "with her pretty brown hair parted so meek, and her long gold earrings, and her poor little face so sad and white. She got so thin she had to wear dress improvers. It was special hard, of course, Nathan courtin' Annie right there. If he hadn't had to go back to sea, I think Alice might 'a' died. But go he had to on a six months' voyage to South America. Annie sulked and pouted and coaxed, but he was as set as she was. And go he did.

"Well, that winter both girls took to goin' out to everything that was goin' on. It was mostly, naturally,



A Short Short Story



MARGARET
WIDDEMER

who began to write at an early age and whose first novel was a best seller. And her second volume of poems won a Pulitzer prize! She has continued to be a successful novelist and poet ever since that time.

the things in the Lyceum course.

"You know how girls are that's crossed in love—apt to snatch at anything. Alice Folsom she swallowed everything the magnetism man said whole—how thoughts was things, and you could breathe queer ways, and attain happiness and resignation by holdin' a thought, and all. She'd sit and rock by the hearth fire and say things over under her breath.

"Annie couldn't ever bear being outdone, specially by Alice.

"'If she can concentrate, I kin,' says Annie. 'But I ain't goin' to waste time learnin' to do without Nate,' says she awful pert. 'I know a trick worth two of that.'

"It was right shivery to see them two girls starin' and rockin'."

Aunt Suzannah paused and set

her hat on straight.

"Well," said I, "did anything come of it?"

"It did," said my Aunt Suzannah sepulchrally. "Yes, it did; and by grace and good luck, I was there to see, havin' come in with some clam broth for Alice. It was a snowy February evenin' about seven. The big front door banged open and in marched Nathan Coffin! He walked over and grabbed up Annie.

"'Thank goodness you're all right, Annie!' he says, breathless. 'Every evening about this time I'd think I heard you callin' me. Finally I got so scared for fear something'd happened to you, I just 'bouted ship and come back.' Well, Annie screamed right out laughin'.

"'I made you!' she says. 'I concentrated, like the magnetism man said. I kept sayin', 'Come back, Nathan!'" And she whirled round till her skirts flew up so you could see her ankles; she never had any modesty.

"Well, Nathan he stood back and stared at her and at Alice, sittin' behind her, her big blue eyes watchin' him.

"'You did it on purpose, Annie?' he says.

"'I did! I did!' says Annie, gigglin'.

"He drew himself up.

"'A girl who kin yank me home from half round the world, and I in the midst of the best deal in gun-running that ever happened in Venezuela,' says Nathan, his black eyes flashin', 'is a girl that would have too much

whip hand over her man for me. I'm through with you, Ann Folsom.

"'Alice, get up and put on your bonnet and bring Suzy there for a witness, and come down to Parson Whittaker's house and marry me here and now.'

Aunt Suzannah stepped on the gas.

"But I've sometimes wondered," she said, "if it was resignation Alice was really workin' for in the other corner.

"Those quiet ones—you can't always tell."

THE END

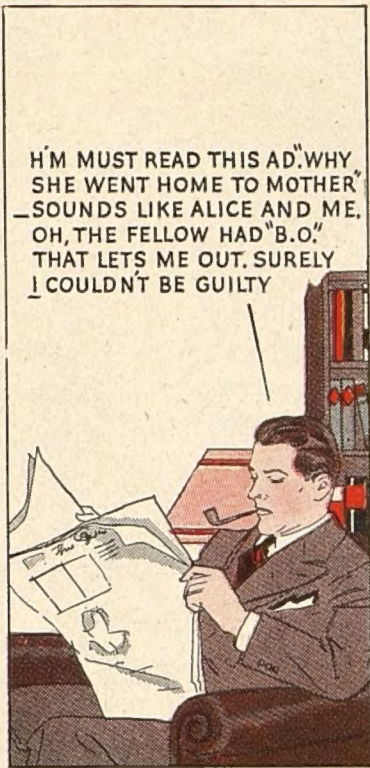
by MARGARET WIDDEMER

IF WE COULD SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

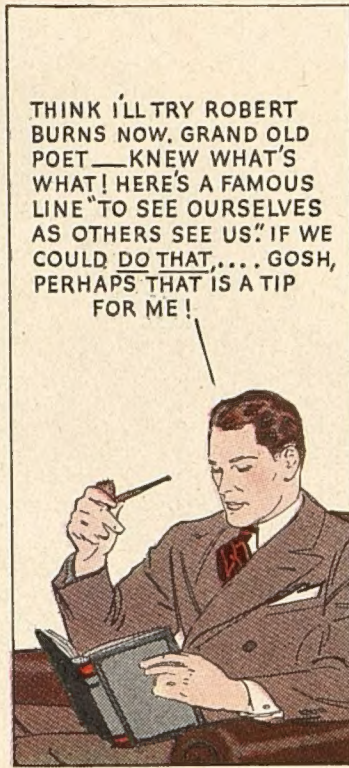


DEAR, MIND IF I DROP OVER AND SEE MOTHER? THINK I NEED A BREATH OF AIR

TONIGHT, TOO, ALICE? YOU'VE BEEN THERE ALMOST EVERY NIGHT LATELY. BUT RUN ALONG I'LL SIT HERE AND READ



H'M MUST READ THIS AD. WHY SHE WENT HOME TO MOTHER—SOUNDS LIKE ALICE AND ME. OH, THE FELLOW HAD "B.O." THAT LETS ME OUT. SURELY I COULDN'T BE GUILTY



THINK I'LL TRY ROBERT BURNS NOW. GRAND OLD POET—KNEW WHAT'S WHAT! HERE'S A FAMOUS LINE "TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US" IF WE COULD DO THAT, . . . GOSH, PERHAPS THAT IS A TIP FOR ME!



THEY SAY YOU, YOURSELF, CAN'T TELL WHEN YOU OFFEND. SO PERHAPS THAT "B.O." AD DOES APPLY TO ME, I'M GOING TO GET SOME LIFEBOUY



A FEW DAYS LATER

BOY, OH BOY, I FEEL CLEAN! SAY, ALICE, HOW DO YOU LIKE MY LIFEBOUY? SOME SOAP, EH?

OUR LIFEBOUY DARLING, IT IS ALREADY HELPING MY COMPLEXION. I BATHE WITH IT, TOO. NO "B.O." IN THIS FAMILY



"B.O." GONE — cozy evenings for two!

WE'RE GETTING TO BE TWO OLD STAY-AT-HOMES, DEAR. PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO SEE A SHOW TONIGHT

DARLING, I'M SO HAPPY JUST BEING WITH YOU THAT I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER GO OUT!



A COMPLEXION AS LOVELY AS YOURS JUST ASKS FOR KISSES, DEAR

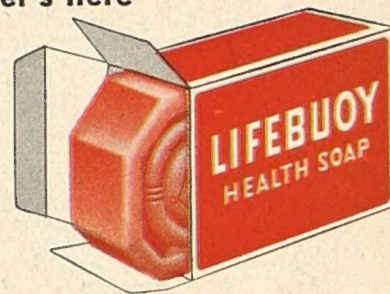
I OWE THAT COMPLIMENT TO LIFEBOUY!

How much soap has to do with romance—especially when the soap is *Lifebuoy*! This famous, coral-red soap brings to dull, cloudy complexions new clearness—radiance that attracts. Its gentle, deep-cleansing lather not only purifies face pores—but purifies and *deodorizes* body pores as well. Ends that fault no sweetheart can forgive—"B.O." (*body odour*).

"B.O." weather's here

Take no chances with "B.O." these warm, perspiry days. Bathe regularly with *Lifebuoy*. You'll enjoy its rich, mild lather—abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft. And you'll quickly learn to love its fresh, clean scent that vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



A NEW SHAVING SURPRISE!



TOM, HOW COME YOU ALWAYS GET SUCH CLEAN SHAVES? MY FACE SMARTS LIKE BLAZES WHEN I SHAVE CLOSE

LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM GETS ALL THE CREDIT, BOY. I'D NEVER USE ANY OTHER



BUT REMEMBER, TOM, I'VE GOT WHISKERS LIKE WIRE AND A MIGHTY TENDER FACE

LIFEBOUY'S EXTRA-MOIST LATHER IS JUST MADE FOR THAT COMBINATION, OLD TOP, TRY IT



TOM KNOWS HIS SHAVING CREAMS. THIS LATHER SOFTENS MY BEARD LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS. SOOTHES MY SKIN, TOO. AND WHAT A SHAVE!

You can't beat this new extra-moist, soothing lather

Does your face get that seedy, "I-need-a-shave look" before evening? Then try this new extra-moist lather. *Lifebuoy* Shaving Cream lather doesn't dry up or break down on your face. It holds 52% more moisture. Soaks stiff beards soft—extra soft. The razor gets

off every whisker clean—for a smooth, close, all-day shave. And it soothes tender skin. Try it. Be sure and get the big, red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Limited, Dept. L526, Toronto, Ont., for a free 12-day tube.

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG, FULL-SIZED TUBE



*I know—
you know—*



the cigarette that's Milder
the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

Chesterfield